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ART. I. — POPULAR CREEDS AND THE NATION'S  
LIFE.

A CONSIDERABLE part of all the best thinking, the truest feeling, and the highest worth of our time, is outside of the visible Church,—not connected with its institutions or its operations, and silently alienated from its faith. Strong, original, and independent thinkers, pursuing their own private reflections and thoughtful studies, are brought into states of mind so contradictory to those which animate the popular pulpit, so contrary to the religious opinions in which they were educated, so inconsistent with the current creeds of the Church, that they quietly withdraw from public worship, unwilling to be thought to profess convictions which they do not share, and even refuse to call themselves Christians in any ordinary acceptance of the word.

It would surprise those who have paid little attention to the subject, to learn how large this class is. It is best known to the importers and publishers of scientific and philosophical literature,—who are called upon to supply this extensive body of independent inquirers, of all denominational origins, and all local positions, and almost all grades of social standing, with the intellectual and scientific food dearer to them than the most attractive fiction, or the most sparkling narrative of events. We do not refer to sceptical literature, so called, or

avowedly infidel and antichristian writings. They have no inconsiderable market; but it is a very small one, compared with that for works which treat, in a wholly philosophical spirit and without theological reference, of the fundamental questions in metaphysics, and in pure science; of what is knowable, and what the knowing powers are, and what is really known; — works that strike under all the secondary questions in controversial theology, and even Christian evidences. The sale for such books to solitary thinkers in the cities, and scattered orders in the country, is immense. Works so dry, learned, and abstract, that one would think nobody but professors in colleges would read them, and only a few great libraries contain them, are sold by the thousand, edition after edition, to persons not heard of or known even in the neighborhoods where they live, but who are quietly growing up to become the leading men in the country. For it is not men bred in cities, without time to read or study or think, — always engrossed with immediate affairs or pleasure or gain, — who govern our intellectual, moral, or political world, or even our municipal one. Our bar, our pulpit, our senate, our press, — all are recruited from the country, where leisure, retirement, solitude, have thrown men's minds in upon themselves, given time for solid thinking based on solid reading, and developed that muscular vigor of the intellect and the character, which enables such men to turn, with their thrice-tempered steel, the cast-iron weapons with which presumptuous but undisciplined and ungrown minds attempt to meet them.

It is because a large and quiet class of readers and thinkers of this sort exists widely scattered over the whole land, that the phenomenon to which we have called attention is due; namely, an alienation from public religion on the part of a very large and growing class of persons of character, — persons whose influence is destined to be very great, nay, which is already great. We described this class as containing much of the best thinking, truest feeling, and highest worth of our time. And yet its constituents are alienated from public religion; not church-goers, not workers with the ministry, nor for their ends. And their frame of mind is due



to their acquaintance with the foremost literature, science, and philosophy of the day. The necessary inference is, that the highest thinking, the most advanced science, are in opposition, not necessarily to Christianity, but to the current creeds and opinions of the so-called Christian world.

This opposition is all the more serious and effective because indirect and unprofessed. It is not formal, but essential. The fundamental ideas of cosmogony, of the age of our planet, of the antiquity of man, are absolutely fatal to the theology based on Adam's fall. The received rules of literary criticism, when applied to the Pentateuch, banish the pretensions made so needlessly by its theological idolaters to verbal inspiration. The proper Deity of Christ — an hypothesis held by the common people in all ages in a totally different sense from that in which the learned have held it — is fast taking its place, with honest and earnest thinkers, among the mythological extravagances which, among all tribes, have tended to deify heroes, sages, and martyrs. The notion of a curse resting on the human race, on the very ground, and actually on the whole course of nature, in consequence of Adam's sin, is, to those who study ethnologically the gradual development of humanity, or geologically the slow adjustment of the globe to human habitation, something almost ludicrously incredible. It is, in short, simply impossible to be acquainted even superficially with the most advanced science, or the best philosophies of history, or the latest theories of physiology and psychology, without feeling their inconsistency with the whole ground-plan of the ruling theology of Christendom. And this is sufficiently proved by the hostility to science, which theologians usually betray, and by their hatred of philosophy, — a spirit too often, and with just as much justice, met on the part of science and philosophy with secret or open contempt for theology.

How happy would be the day when the Church, through its theologians and ministers, should be the first to welcome truth from any quarter; the most hospitable friend of light, the greatest encourager of inquiry, the most implicit believer in the expediency and safety of frank and utterly honest

thinking! Does God create and send into the world men of marked genius for observation and research, minds endowed with philosophical depth and scientific insight, to undermine the foundations of his own throne, and overturn the kingdom of his Son? Are the open secrets and inner mysteries of creation, the wonderful laws that govern the evolution of matter and mind, to be regarded as rivals and foes of true religion? Have morality and piety different interests from those of general truth, and progress in the knowledge of the creation? Is Nature a cruel step-mother, who deceives her children as to the heavenly Father's character and wishes? Or must we believe and trust and affirm, that natural and revealed truth are in perfect harmony with each other, and that nothing can be asserted and established in either, which is not sustained by what is to be found in the other? Truth can know neither time nor place, neither heaven nor earth. She is everywhere divine, always self-consistent, — ever calm and self-possessed, because sure of her rights and conscious of her immortality. She fears no investigation; no light is too strong for her eyes; and she sooner expects "the music of the spheres" to grate upon the ear of the listening astronomer, than one note of discord to be struck in all the great Pandean pipe of knowledges, along whose ever-lengthening gamut the lips of modern science sweep so boldly and with such ravished attention; and she teaches us, that in those upper notes beyond our reach, which are sounded not by human lips, but by the breath of the Spirit, there can be no change of key, no want of harmony with those within the range of purely human touch.

It is the want of a distinct recognition, on the part of the Church, of this principle of faith in the coherency of truth, divine and human, that drives the most earnest and thoughtful minds away from her altars. Tell Science and Philosophy to bring all the results of their best thinking, their keenest observation, their bravest doubts, to her divine academy; let there be no anathemas there for serious questions, honest misgivings, and speculative opinions; and we may hope to recall to her communion the wandering wisdom, the ban-

ished intellect, the finer conscience, which the Church has expelled by her timidity and superstition, her false assumptions of an unchanging, dogmatic system of Christian belief, her pretensions to an infallible Bible or an infallible priesthood.

While the Church continues so largely to prefer the control of the ignorant, the superstitious, and the timid to the friendship and sympathy of the wise, the enlightened, and the courageous,—it will have the apathy or contempt of those who, in all other departments of life, in politics, in art, in literature, and in ethics, are shaping and controlling the world. If, for the purpose of giving a superstitious validity to alleged sacraments, the figment of apostolic succession is maintained in the face of history; if to re-enforce a childish emphasis on the mode of baptism by immersion, instead of by sprinkling, a complete new translation of the Bible is made, and a rival Bible Society started and maintained at great expense; if a committee of learned men may be appointed (as in a late convention) to decide whether a comma or a semicolon is the proper punctuation in a line of the Apostles' Creed; if the ordinary version of the Scriptures may continue to be published, with its purely modern headings at the beginning of the chapters, and at the top of the pages, declaring what truths and what doctrines are taught in the text, and leaving the multitude under the impression that these Trinitarian and Calvinistic commentaries are really authoritative parts of the Bible itself; if the plenary and verbal inspiration of the Scriptures is still tacitly assumed, or even positively affirmed, as a base of operations on popular credulity by those who know, in their capacity of scholars, the utter untenableness of the assumption; if the word "Evangelical" is to be systematically used as identical with "Orthodox," and Orthodoxy to mean Protestant Trinitarianism, excluding all Catholics and all Liberal Christians from any participation in Gospel truth; if, for sectarian purposes, or as ecclesiastical strategy, or as a moral policy, these things are to be winked at, and the men and the sects who have the courage, the independence, and the honesty to refuse to connive at them are to be charged

with infidelity and impiety, — it will certainly soon come to pass that the vigor, boldness, knowledge, and worth of society will all be found in what is called the world, instead of being found in the Church, where it is so much needed.

Can we look back without shame and sorrow upon the position occupied by the modern Church, throughout all the great antislavery struggle of this nation, preceding the dreadful war that terminated it? The early abolitionists were mostly truly religious men, and ministers or members of intensely "Orthodox" churches. Aroused by Christian sensibility to the iniquity of slavery, they called on their own churches and communions to support their conscientious protests against it. But they found themselves met with faces of indignant expostulation, and, finally, with acts of violent expulsion, for daring to introduce a question fraught with so much excitement. Almost to a man, they were driven, not only out of their churches, but out of all faith in their own Orthodox creeds, by this practical experience of what these creeds meant and whither they tended. So identified with liberal Christian ideas did abolitionism thus become, that both were prejudiced in the minds of the public, — Liberal Christianity being charged with political fanaticism and revolutionary tendencies, and abolitionism with infidel sympathies and heterodox affiliations. A distinguished leader of that body lately said, that it became an important policy with the abolitionists to prevent their clerical converts from deserting Orthodox colors, as it injured their antislavery influence in the quarters where they wished it most to penetrate. Now, suppose the Church, the natural and appointed defender of the down-trodden and oppressed, the sworn friend and recognizer of the human soul under all disguises of color and outward state, had early and generally joined in the recognition of the inhumanity, wrongfulness, and evil of slavery, would politicians and commercial interests and popular prejudices and vulgar feelings have been able to poison and deform our public opinion on this subject so widely that a horrible civil war, risking two and a half millions of lives on both sides, and costing five thousand millions of money, was necessarily invoked to



untie this false knot in the skein of human progress, and to straighten out this national crookedness that was growing into incurableness? Does not the Church become the mere tool and servant of wealth and power, when it forgets its protest against sin and oppression, in the alleged interest of order and quiet? The depth of this degradation we have seen in the policy of that "Mediæval" Church which vies with Roman Catholicism itself in its reverence for established errors, and seems now more solicitous than any religious body in this country to identify itself with the compromising politicians and calculating conservatives of the North, and with the impenitent rebels and recusants of the South; mixing up half-loyal governors of the North with disloyal bishops of the South in one grand amnesty, and giving to those in whom the country has least confidence, the leading influence in her councils.

Can any one believe, that the undogmatic, unsectarian fraternization of the last four years, in camps and hospitals, on battle-fields, and in councils of benevolence, has not helped to weaken the ever-thinning cord of the *theological* creed—we use the words in careful distinction from the *religious* faith—of this country? We firmly believe, that the common sense for which the American people is distinguished is in half-conscious, but soon to be in thoroughly aroused, protest against the still professed creeds of our popular churches. The people are tired of technical divinity, of metaphysical distinctions, of schemes and bodies of doctrine, of theological puzzles and abstrusities; they are sighing for plain, practical, rational, credible, religious teaching, which will tell them how to carry the fear and love of God, and the commandments of Christ, into their daily lives and conversation,—into their business, their politics, and their homes. The old Trinitarian and Calvinistic creeds, the old ecclesiastical superstitions, are much more extensively honey-combed and undermined than is commonly supposed; and we may expect, at any time, a serious caving-in of the whole structure. It is not without reason that science and philosophy desert such a tottering structure. And it behooves those who have seen the political

superstitions, prejudices, and party platforms of this whole nation going to absolute ruin under a spell that was irresistible, and with a speed which not even the wisest could have foreseen or thought possible, to take warning that a similar fate may be in store for the whole system of theological dogmas which merely veneer the real religious faith of this country.

And what is to take the place of the doomed creeds of the popular churches? Is there any form of Christian faith now before the American mind to which it can turn with confidence and hope, as fit to meet the wants of a newly emancipated mass of people, with warm Christian instincts and affections, but with unsettled, vague, and unadjusted thoughts, and a habit of moving only in large bodies, and with something like general assent? It certainly cannot be claimed, that the leaders of organized Liberal Christianity, in any of its forms, have yet discovered how to present it so as to satisfy the cravings of the great American mind, or even of that portion of it detached from the popular churches. The progress of Unitarianism in the intellectual classes, of Universalism in the middle classes, and of *Christianism* among the farming populations, — testing the applicability of liberal, uncreeded, rational Christianity to all ranks, — has in neither case given any considerable satisfaction to those who know what true success is in matter of faith and worship. It is not safe to apply the rules that govern progress in other matters — economical, scientific, and moral — to religious reforms. They are rather like political revolutions, which succeed at once, or fail for a century. Gradual recruiting will not answer: there must be a general rising of the people. All the great religious movements — Peter the Hermit's, the Lutheran, the Wesleyan — took the public mind by storm, and carried the world as with a whirlwind. They spread like wild-fire, and partook of the character of a contagion. What fed them was in the general mind, — foregone conclusions, yearnings and tendencies which they simply expressed, and to which they gave "local habitation and a name." It did not need argument, but only boldness and stout assertion to carry them. Neither genius, logic, nor address, but courage

and confidence, born of utter conviction, were their spokesmen. Religious sects may be built up by diligence, prudence, and personal tact in leadership; but a religious sect is one thing, a religious reformation is another. Liberal Christianity has never yet succeeded in doing any thing more, in any of its forms, than in taking a place by the side of other religious denominations,—a small cluster of sects among the large variety that crowd the ecclesiastical firmament of America. But who regards the progress of ordinary Christian sects, Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Methodists, Baptists, Dutch Reformed,—valuable and excellent as the practical religious influence of all of them is,—as one whose rivalries or victories over each other are of any importance to the general interests of truth, freedom, and goodness? It is not quite so with Orthodox Congregationalism, because, however tightly tied up it is in the theory of the old theology,—as appeared in its late National Council at Boston,—many of its ministers possess an adroitness which those famous jugglers, the Brothers Davenport, might envy, in loosening themselves the moment attention is withdrawn, and walking at large before their audience in a freedom wholly unaccountable to those who saw them lately tied hand and foot, with their own full consent.

It is certain that Liberal Christianity is either a foreshadowed reformation of the Christianity of the whole Church, or it is nothing. As a sectarian demonstration, it deserves little notice. It is only when it finds faith and courage to claim universal attention; to challenge the professed theology of the Church as a dry husk around the green and living ear of the gospel; to announce itself as the owner and rightful heir of the people's affections,—that it becomes significant and promising, and assumes the port and step of a conqueror. This bearing it will not learn in the study of itself, but only in the study of the heart of the time. Its success, if it ever realizes it, will be prepared before it. In our judgment, it is prepared; and the public mind, in and out of the churches, is ready to respond to any voices that speak confidently and clearly, and in the tones of Christian faith and



reverence, for those essential views of the gospel, known as Liberal Christianity. It is not the lack of a cause and a rallying cry, but of trumpeters to sound the charge that the progress of that Reformed Christianity halts,—which was predicted in the partial reformation of Luther,—and is now able to complete its victory; but stays its advance because its leaders, sicklied o'er with thought, paralyzed by philosophic indifference to opinions, or blunted as reformers by the width of their own intellectual culture, have lost their sense of accountableness to public wants, their sympathetic tie with the masses, and their feeling of obligation to make their own Christian convictions the working powers in the public religion of their country.

We can understand the well-mannered sneer with which the burly sects of Orthodoxy are certain to meet such a pretension, and the still more discouraging waive of incredulity with which the larger part of the ministers of the Liberal Faith are likely to offer the van, in this new crusade, to those who have boldness to take it. As for them, they are too modest and catholic to set up any claim to a purer and more rightful Christianity! Contented with enjoying their convictions and views, they ask only the charity and mercy of other denominations,—not to be denied the Christian name; not to be charged with blasphemy, atheism, and infidelity; and on their part they will neither “meddle nor make” in the general field of popular theology. The people may think what they choose about Christ,—or even profess what they cannot think,—and it is no business of theirs!

We do not believe in this kind of spurious catholicity, nor in this sort of good-natured, do-nothing, mealy-mouthed indifference. It is a matter fast becoming of vital importance, that the religious creeds of the people of this country should be re-adjusted to their general intelligence, political progress, scientific discoveries, and interior and practical convictions. The breadth of the interval between is too wide for safety, sincerity, or directness. It is corrupting to general veracity to be professing formally what is essentially discredited. The ministry takes on a kind of sacred buffoonery, when it



attempts, as it must in this state of things, to be on the side of the popular creeds, and on the side of the popular doubts and denials also. Religion becomes a matter of police and machinery and political management, as to outsiders it has appeared in the late Episcopal Convention at Philadelphia. Whatever earnestness is left, seems to be in behalf of imperilled dogmas or sacred usages, not of the life of God in the soul of man. We have lived to see religion degenerate into a bowing, polite, and only half-sincere companion of the commercial and political interests that chance to be most in vogue. It is perfectly plain that the intellectual, moral, and spiritual life of the country has broken ecclesiastical bounds; and, while in one direction it is tending to a pure philosophical secularism, it is in the other tending to an unrestrained worldliness and folly. The dangers to our political future, to social life, domestic manners, and personal character, involved in the present prevailing insincerity in the popular creeds,—taking away the very standards of uprightness and downrightness; introducing a levity into the treatment of moral distinctions, and undermining the very foundations of frankness, simplicity, and truth,—ought to give a solemn pause to those who suppose it to be their duty to treat the shattered creeds of the Church as the brave captain of a dismantled vessel treats the wreck, staying aboard till every passenger is in the boats, and striving to the last to keep up the impression that the ship is not going down.

What would become of society and Christian civilization, secretly exclaim these divines, if the Westminster Catechism, and the Thirty-nine Articles, or the Athanasian and Nicene Creeds, or the Saybrook Platform, should give way; or if the reverend doctors in divinity should publicly concede that these documents were not just what in past generations they have been taken for! Reverend fathers! please try it. We will insure not only no moral and spiritual depreciation, but an immediate improvement in the whole tone of practical morality, real reverence, and vital piety. Protection is as fatal to the interests of gospel truth, as it is commonly found to be injurious to manufacturing and commercial interests.

The creeds stop thinking at all in thousands, and provoke hostile thinking in hundreds. They make mechanical believers of most, and serious, ingrained unbelievers of many. They create a religious interest which is distinct from the moral, practical, and real interests of society. They make a set of men who become to the gospel what the scribes were to the law, pettifoggers in textual divinity. They gradually lose the real affections, and cease to express the real feelings, and no longer serve the real interests of society; and then it is time they were ordered out of the hymn-books and prayer-books, where they caricature the convictions of those who sing and say them with any reflection,—a number which, alas! gets, after a while, to be very small.

If we have any hope of making our Liberal Christian faith a great working power, it must not be by denying that its force lies in its practical ability to bring the gospel into direct and effective connections with the real interests of life. It is a horrible reproach to the prevailing Christianity of the Church, that it does not control the vice and crime, the filth and wickedness, that are fast ruining the life of our great cities. The gross conspiracies that make so much of our traffic a fraud upon the public; little getting to market, whether beef, bread, vegetables, or milk, without a vile combination of middle-men to keep up prices, and rob rich and poor alike; the extortion of some of our great houses, so enormous, that a great English manufacturer, lately over, found his own goods, after heavy duties were paid, selling here at a *profit* twice as great as the original price of the goods at his own factory; the horrible criminality of our tenant-house system, which depraves more people every year than all the churches in New York, taken together, are able to sanctify and save; the dreadful and irresistible power of the corrupt men who control our municipal and State legislation, and defeat, for a long time, every bill which the wise and the disinterested frame and support,—these terrible things prove some fatal weakness to exist in the Christianity of our times; prove the modern Church to be an expensive establishment for doing nothing or obstructing action in many

of the most important departments of human well-being, and cry loudly for radical reform.

We believe that false doctrine lies at the bottom of this inefficiency; that a habit of directing people's minds away from present, immediate, and practical duties, to speculative beliefs and mysterious articles of faith, whose theatre is another stage of being, has encouraged sentimental and artificial notions of religion, and somehow enabled people to reconcile selfishness, inhumanity, slavery, bribery, and corruption with stout professions of Christian faith and pretensions to Christian character. We want now some body of Christians, who, while firm in their faith in the divine authority of Christianity and in the rightful headship of Christ, believe there is nothing in true religion which common sense and physical or metaphysical science do not confirm; who, saving the essence, will have the courage and plainness to sweep the rubbish of middle-age theology away, and to take in hand as the first of Christian duties the salvation of the world from sin, and all that produces sin; from oppressive distinctions, from bad government, from intemperance and licentiousness, and whatever favors them; from the tyranny of capital in the hands of avaricious men, who will risk a thousand lives in a rotten ship, for the chance of making an additional dividend, or will pen up three thousand souls within a few hundred square feet of ground to die of their own filth and misery, in order to squeeze the utmost rental out of a miserable and seemingly God-forsaken crew of rag-pickers or beggars. Can we introduce a better kind of Christianity into this heathen metropolis? If we have not faith and courage to think and say that our Liberal Christianity is a purer, more practical type of the religion of Christ, than that which rests on the current creeds,—then we had better subside, and get out of the way of the great majority who would rejoice if we ceased to trouble them with our complaints and our new lights. But if we are really in earnest, and willing to work to show what our faith is, there is a great and glorious future before us.

We might hope to reclaim and organize under Christ's ban-

ner the intelligence, the worth, and the courage which have wandered away from the Church, and, combining with it, begin a great practical reformation, by announcing that our religion is neither polite nor fashionable nor prudent nor conservative, nor any thing else that means death-in-life, and "peace and order" before truth, humanity, and duty; but, instead of that, an application of the everlasting precepts and spirit of the Sermon on the Mount to the immediate affairs of men and things, in which ministers and people find themselves on a common level, and all alike busy in good works; going about doing good, after staying at home long enough to carefully plan it, and know what they are going about; and admitting no part of life, neither politics, pleasure, commerce, trade, nor domestic economy,—no interest of society, neither ballot-box, theatre, tenant-house, nor palace of trade,—to be beyond the pale of its scrutiny, or the sway of its influence, or the shield of its protection.

With such a plain, home-thrusting Christianity accepted by a few thousands in every city, how soon would the real men and women of this country gather to the glorious work! and what a mighty reform in the practical life and economic and moral condition of this whole nation would speedily attest the fruits of a return to the original simplicity of the gospel of Christ,—to the plainness of God's commandments, and the immediate teachings of the Holy Spirit of truth and grace!

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#### ART. II.—THE GREEK SCHOOLS OF ALEXANDRIA.

1. *Essai Historique sur l'Ecole d'Alexandrie*, par JACQUES MATTER. Paris: 1820. 2 vols.
2. *Histoire de l'Ecole d'Alexandrie*, par JULES SIMON. Paris: 1845. 2 vols.
3. *Histoire Critique de l'Ecole d'Alexandrie*, par E. VACHEROT. Paris: 1846. 3 vols.
4. *De l'Ecole d'Alexandrie*, par J. BARTHÉLEMY ST. HILAIRE. Paris: 1845.

IN the brilliant period of its rise under the Greeks, Alexandria presents one of the most singular examples in history of



the preservation upon a foreign soil of the science and the art of a race, original in its intellectual development, but long given over to absolute political impotence. After the quest of Egypt by the Romans and the appearance of Christianity, it presents the most striking spectacle which the conversion of the ancient world anywhere exhibits of the conflict between the higher Pagan and Christian thought. Even when the conflict was ended by the storming of the Serapeum, the last stronghold of pagan theology, and its conversion into a church dedicated to St. Arcadius, Alexandria still maintained its intellectual supremacy, and became for a time the chief seat of the religion it had so brilliantly enthroned in the reason of men; but its capture by the Arabians drove Christianity to Constantinople, and left it a waste, to be ridden over in turn by Arabian caliphs and Egyptian soudans, by Mameluke beys and Turkish pashas.

Frivolous, satirical, given to quarrels and to heresies, with the ready wit of the Greeks and the dogged obstinacy of the Jews, with little of the Roman dignity, and nothing of the Egyptian isolation, the character of the Alexandrians will fail to be understood, without a careful study of the conditions of its formation. Living under an absolute monarchy, tempered only by ridicule, their chief political inheritance was satire; they gave grotesque names to the Ptolemies, and rallied the Cæsars with a license which a satirist like Vespasian would forgive, but a tyrant like Caracalla revenge by a terrible massacre. Severing for ever the thread of Egyptian life, Alexander planted the fruitful seed of Greece in the ancient soil of Egypt; but the unyielding ghost of the Pharaohs imprisoned it for ever upon a single spot, side by side with the fading flower of Judaism. Yet, in spite of their jealousy, it is through Alexandria that the thought of Egypt, such as it was, stretches from the primæval time through the ancient world into the modern life of Europe. But, though Alexander enshrined the genius of Greece in the very sanctuary of Ammon, we may reasonably doubt if it be true, as Bunsen affirms, that Alexandria was the haven of Heliopolis and Memphis and Thebes, any further than as those cities served as the quarries for its palaces and temples; for it is incredi-

ble to what extent the Greeks remained strangers to the knowledge of the language and the writing of the Egyptians. With the exception of Clemens and Porphyry, there is not perhaps a single Greek author who supposed the hieroglyphics to be phonetic, which is the case three times out of four. Plotinus and Proclus and Iamblichus alike supposed them to be symbolical.

By its industrial activity and its commercial enterprise, under the wise rule of the first three Ptolemies, all of them really great men, Alexandria grew to be a city of enormous wealth; the treasures of Egypt flowed into it; Libya and Cyrene, Palestine, Syria, and Cyprus, became in turn subject to it; the inhabitants of Rhodes conferred the title of Saviour (Soter) upon the first Ptolemy, in recognition of the aid he had conferred upon them at a critical moment, and the high priest of Israel went from Jerusalem to behold with his own eyes the illustrious prince who had invited Jews to his capital; the great canal between the Red Sea and the Nile was again opened, while the Museum acquired a degree of lustre which has made the name of the School of Alexandria famous to this day. In the midst of the formless monuments of Egypt, and the unbroken monotony of its life, arose a Greek city, rich in temples and statues and pictures,—a second Athens, not the rival, but the refuge, of the first. Yet to assimilate nations so diverse as the Egyptian and the Greek,—the one joyous in its intellectual freedom and its æsthetic culture; the other sad with the gloom of its endless life, changeless in its habits, inflexible in its pride,—was a task beyond the power of man: for it is written of nations, as well as of individuals, that they shall go the way of all the earth. Egypt was dead before Alexander was born. In vain was the asylum of the Greek muses consecrated to Iris, and the statue of Jupiter set up in the temple of Serapis, and the high-priest of the court summoned from Eleusis, because its mysteries most resembled those of Egypt; in vain were Ammon, Osiris, Neith, called Jupiter, Apollo, Minerva; in vain at Dendera and at Memphis were temples erected to the Greek Venus, and at Hermonthis to Apollo; in vain did

the Ptolemies themselves receive religious homage ; in vain Ptolemy Philadelphus marry his sister Arsinoë, an Egyptian custom in flagrant violation of the moral ideas of the Greeks, and cause Manetho, an Egyptian priest, to write in Greek a history of Egypt, and the Holy Scriptures of the Jews to be translated from the Hebrew, — a tradition, however, now rejected by the critics, no longer content with the pious submission of a writer of the early centuries, who, struck by the difference between the Greek text and the Hebrew original, explained it by saying that the Sacred Spirit had found it good to say in Greek what it did not find it good to say in Hebrew ; in vain did he transplant into Egypt the literary combats which in Greece made a part of the festivals of Bacchus, though Matter could not find that the Alexandrians had ever made a breach in their walls for the laurel-crowned victors to enter. No human art could galvanize the corpse of Egyptian life.

Yet, though Alexandria was little to Egypt, it was much to the world. It was not a country, says Ampère, but an epoch. For six centuries the schools of Alexandria eclipsed the glory of contemporary Greece. It was the centre of Greek speculation and the birth-place of Greek science, in the modern sense of the word. In poetry and history, indeed, it can produce nothing to be compared with the earlier creations of Greece ; nor in general intellectual vigor was it at all its equal : but, in the pursuit of science, it exhibits all the vitality and enthusiasm of the Greek mind. It was not its fault that the creative power had abandoned the Greeks ; but it was its merit that it did what it could with the talent for analysis which still remained to them. All branches of knowledge, natural history, geometry, anatomy, and the rest, were cultivated in its school ; and, at the very time when Paganism was tottering to its fall, its philosophers dared to attempt the hazardous enterprise of fusing into a single doctrine the diverse speculations of Asia and Greece.

Rich, magnificent, powerful, Alexandria was the resort of the Greeks of all countries, the centre of the commerce of three worlds, the common asylum of letters and arts. It

could not rival Homer, indeed; but it interpreted him. It could not produce tragedies; but it excelled in epigrams and elegies and idyls. In the theatres of Alexandria, they recited the narratives of Herodotus and the verses of Homer; and, if a trifler like Tryphiodorus could amuse them by his feat of writing the *Odyssey* without using the letter *s*, poets more serious endeavored at least not to do discredit to the official title which they derived from the name of Homer, and made verses as well as they could,—a thing which Chrysostom says the Egyptians never attempted at all. Ptolemy Soter called to Alexandria Apelles, the first of Greek painters, who depicted horses so lifelike that they neighed at sight of themselves; and it was there that he painted that allegorical representation of Calumny dragging its victim at the feet of Ignorance, followed by Repentance, which Raphael restored, according to the descriptions of the ancient writers, in a design preserved in the Louvre. One of his most celebrated portraits was that of Alexander wielding a thunderbolt, which gave rise to the saying, that, of the two Alexanders, the one was invincible, and the other inimitable.

It was at Alexandria also that Cæsar made that reform of the calendar to which he gave his name, and of which we still make use, though the Julian year really owed its origin, as M. Letronne has proved, to Egypt, and ought properly to be called Egyptian; for, however much M. Delambre may assert that the Egyptians were just astronomers enough not to be charlatans, our true inheritance from Egypt is the almanac.

The first model of all academies was the Museum, established at Alexandria by Demetrius Phalereus, the last of the Attic orators, who fled to Alexandria when the fickle Athenians pulled down the three hundred and sixty statues which they had set up in his honor. It was not so much a single school as a collection of schools. Plato, Aristotle, Pythagoras, Zeno, all had their disciples; and it embraced also all departments of science, its function being to preserve and diffuse all branches of knowledge. If it might be compared with any thing modern, it would be the Institute of France;



but there are really few features of resemblance. It was unique in literary history: neither the Arabian establishments in the Middle Age, nor the religious societies of modern times; neither the Lyceum of Athens, in whose gardens philosophers gathered to dispute, nor the Prytaneum, where statesmen dined at the expense of the public,—were like it: for none of these institutions had to do with science, or wholly supported its members, who were at the same time in Alexandria the councillors and companions of the sovereign,—a cove of rare birds, as the satirists said, thirty or forty only in number, living in one of the wings of the palace, with gardens for their walks, and a great saloon for their repasts, supported by a common fund, and presided over by a chief appointed by the Ptolemies, with no rule for their life, and no duties, only the privilege of public teaching.\*

For a people so malicious and witty, who could do better without their bread than their jest, whose arguments were satires and whose weapons were squibs, it is surprising how few comedies were produced in Alexandria, not one equal to Menander's. At the court of Ptolemy Soter, there was only a single poet, Philetas; of so delicate a constitution, that he used to put stones in his pockets and lead on his feet, in order not to be blown away by the winds, dying at last of the effort to invent a sophism. But the want of poets was more than made up by the famous geometer, Euclid, whose writings still instruct us, as well as the moral of his answer to Ptolemy, asking if his science could not be made easier, that there was "no royal road to geometry." But the gloomy teaching of Hegesias, repeated in our day with even greater emphasis by Schopenhauer,—that the only object of life is freedom from evil, that happiness cannot be the aim of man because happiness is unattainable,—found no favor with Ptolemy Soter; and when, according to Cicero, he wrote a book in which

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\* It is a curious fact, that there were neither Epicureans nor Cynics among these favorites of royalty. The historian of the School of Alexandria can find but two philosophers professing Epicureanism in the reign of the first three Ptolemies, while, after Sotades, he finds only two Cynics.

death was represented as more desirable than life, and his atrabilious descriptions of human misery had begun to drive people to suicide, the king banished him at once, — the only instance perhaps on record of the prohibition of philosophical teaching in Alexandria, unless it be when Caracalla drove the Peripatetics from the dining-hall of the Museum, in revenge for the part their master, Aristotle, had taken in the conspiracy, which, as the absurd tradition was, had caused the death of Alexander four centuries before. Theodore of Cyrene, however, — who, like the rest of his sect, made little of patriotism, affirming that the world was his country, and that the only object of life was to avoid grief and be happy, — was employed as an ambassador to Lysimachus; and his answer to that monarch, when, offended at the freedom of his speech, the latter threatened him with crucifixion, became one of the celebrated sayings of antiquity: "Use such threats to your courtiers," said the philosopher; "for it matters not to Theodore whether he rots on the ground or in the air." Timon also, sceptic by nature and scoffer by education, and Sotades, whose base heart, as a French writer says, would have been an indictment against Nature, if the human will were weaker than it is, and whose name so well characterizes those infamous productions (*Sotadica carmina*) which outrage the decency of the moral sentiments, seem to have found for a time a refuge for their revolting cynicism at Alexandria.

Indefatigable, sagacious, adventurous, well might Theocritus, in the reign of his successor, commend Ptolemy, the son of Lagus, as him whom Jupiter had made equal in honor to the blest immortals, seating him in a chamber of gold, in his own mansion, by the side of Alexander, "a god hard upon Persians with variegated turbans," and opposite Hercules, slayer of the Centaur, resting in a chair of solid adamant. It was at the court of Philadelphus, indeed, that Theocritus seems to have written several of his idyls; and it was there, perhaps, that he read in the Septuagint the Psalms of David and the Book of Job, the Song of Solomon and the Prophecies of Isaiah, to which some of them exhibit so many points of resemblance in expression and thought: for Josephus relates

how anxious the king was to conciliate the Jews, by translating their holy books, and sending gifts to Jehovah, their God; and how he conversed with his librarian, Demetrius Phalereus, on the profound significance of the Jewish war.

But, besides Theocritus, there were poets enough at the court of the second Ptolemy to be compared with the stars of the Pleiades, — Aratus, whose "*Phenomena*," or *Appearances of the Stars*, Cicero and Ovid alike translated; the latter indeed prophesying that it should live for ever with the luminaries it records, —

"Cum sole et lunâ semper Aratus erit;"

while Paul quoted from it to the Athenians on Mars Hill, the words so old now, so new then: "For we are even his offspring;" Callimachus, the critic and poet, chief of the great library, who, after writing eighty works, or, as others say, eight hundred, and others again eight thousand, had a right, doubtless, to affirm that a great book is a great evil, — whom the Romans thought the greatest of elegiac poets, and Ovid and Propertius and Catullus took for their model, who wrote the first comprehensive history of Greek literature, and whose epigrams are among the best specimens of that kind of composition, though, in his hymns, learning may take the place of genius; Lycophron, the Eubœan, employed with others to collect and revise all the Greek poets, the nebulous star of the Pleiad, of whom nothing now survives but a poem called "*Cassandra*," an iambic monologue, in which the ancient prophetess tells the story of the coming fate of Troy, a cumbrous, and, as the ancients called it, tenebrous poem, proverbial for its obscurity, in which some have even thought that the author aspires to emulate the majestic strains of the prophets of Israel; and other poets, historians, and critics, who have left only their names to burden history.

Under Ptolemy, called the Benefactor (*Euergetes*) for having brought back from Syria the statues of certain Egyptian gods carried off by Cambyzes, rich, generous, adroit, with all the virtues of his ancestors and all the vices of his successors, Alexandria attained perhaps its greatest splendor. It was at

his court that Eratosthenes, of Cyrene, first attempted to measure the magnitude of the earth by the very method which is employed for that purpose to-day, and Archimedes perhaps invented his famous machine for making water ascend by the effect of its own weight. But it is by the story of Berenice's hair that we best remember him now, — how, before setting out on his expedition to Syria, his queen laid her tresses as a votive offering on the altar of Venus; but, the tresses disappearing after a time, how Euergetes, in his wrath, ordered search to be made for the guilty party; when Conon, good astronomer but better courtier, showed the ravished hair among the constellations of the skies, and Callimachus, not to be outdone, celebrated the new star in a magnificent elegy, which still survives in the Latin paraphrase by Catullus.

With the fourth Ptolemy, called Philopator, not because he loved, but because he poisoned his father, the slow decline of Alexandria began: yet, voluptuous and tyrannical as he was, he had a turn for philosophy; and the way in which he refutes the dogmatism of the Stoics is still remembered in their schools. The philosopher Sphærus being on a visit to his court, Philopator asked him if he could be deceived by appearances; and, upon his replying no, the king commanded them to serve some fruits, which the philosopher, partaking of, found to be artificial: whereupon the king clapped his hands, and, applauding his own finesse, claimed to have refuted dogmatism. He erected a temple to Homer, but its rites were the orgies of Satyrs; while his successor, Physcon, the husband of his own sister, who had been the wife of his brother, made the streets of his capital run red with the blood of his subjects; who, flying from his cruelty, left him alone with his guards in the midst of a deserted city.

The Ptolemies invited the inhabitants of many countries to Alexandria; but, with the exception of Manetho, they seem to have admitted only Greeks, or the descendants of Greeks, to the privileges of the Museum. Until the time of Philo, a little before the Christian era, Alexandria exhibits few traces of that blending of Eastern and Western thought which it had been the aim of the Ptolemies to bring about. Its



literary history, during the whole of this period, is the history of Greek letters, and the illustration of the effects of royal patronage. Abandoning eloquence, for the display of which there was no longer any theatre in public life; and philosophic speculation, for which it no longer had any inspiration, — it created the sciences of anatomy and geography, of geometry and astronomy and arithmetic. It is easy for a flippant novelist to say that the Alexandrians did little in physics and nothing in art, and next to nothing in metaphysics: nevertheless it stands recorded that Erasistratus and Herophilus, (who compared the beat of the pulse to the rhythm of music, and whom Fallopius called the evangelist of anatomy) although not the first to dissect the human body, were the first to establish dissection as a science, in the face of the idolatrous sanctity of the dead which prevailed in Egypt; that Hipparchus invented trigonometry and discovered the precession of the equinoxes, and was the first to represent the heavens upon a plane, and to conceive the idea of mapping the earth by degrees of latitude and longitude; that the School of Alexandria produced the geography of Strabo and the history of Appian, and the great work of Ptolemy upon astronomy, one of the most remarkable productions of antiquity, and one of the first works the Arabian scholars translated when they succeeded to the learning of the Greeks, which, translated also into Hebrew and Persian and Latin, dominated for fifteen centuries over the astronomers of the civilized world; finally, that Diophantes invented for the solution of his problems the analytic method we call algebra, of which there is no more trace among the Egyptians than of geometry, and which has nothing Arabian about it but the name it owes to Gebar, an Arab mathematician, who borrowed the process from Diophantes; while M. Letronne has proved that there was no zodiac in Egypt before the Greek epoch.

While Italy and Greece were inundated with rhetoricians and sophists, with astronomers and thaumaturgists, the School of Alexandria preserved their literature, and gave them the sciences. The Roman policy limited itself to regarding Egypt as the granary of the empire, and Alexandria as a seat

of commerce and an asylum for Greek sophists. With no political rights to discuss or defend, the wealth of the Alexandrians ministered only to their vices. Their morals were a byword of reproach in Rome. Cæsar reproved them for their cowardice, as the austere Chrysostom afterwards did for their pagan perversity. The favorite comic actor at Rome, and the Retiarius, who fought with a net for his only weapon against the armed gladiators of the amphitheatre, were all Alexandrians. The best fighting-cocks and the best cooks came, like the best scholars, from Alexandria. Furious, windy men, as Vopiscus says long afterwards, boastful, unjust, vain, licentious, eager for new things, versifiers, mathematicians, soothsayers, physicians, — is it to be wondered at that a feeling of profound dissatisfaction arose in thoughtful minds with the existing state of society; that the inevitable re-action from all this materialism and vice carried them, in their aspiration for a spiritual life, even to the extreme of greeting Apollonius as a god, when he appeared among them with his purer doctrine and his nobler ideal, and, standing upon the steps of the Museum, said to them: —

“ When the diverse doctrines of the schools were explained to me, Philosophy commanded me to contemplate them, and choose for myself. There was a divine splendor in all of them so lustrous as almost to blind my eyes; but Philosophy, drawing me to herself, gave me clearer insight into the promises of each. With one it was measureless delights; with another, rest after toil; a third would have made toil itself joyous; in all, except the cynic, which was reckless and slanderous, there was promise of pleasure and wealth. Then I saw, silent and apart from the rest, the wisdom that had won Pythagoras, saying, ‘ I am without charms and very burdensome; for he who cometh to dwell with me may taste neither flesh nor wine, the fleece of living creature may not warm him, only bast may cover his feet, and he shall rest wherever sleep overtakes him. If he yield to the pleasures of love, my servant Justice shall plunge him into bottomless abysses; a curb also shall he put upon his tongue. But, if he endure to the end, behold my reward: righteousness of life and envy towards no man; to be feared by tyrants rather than to fear them; to be more welcome to the gods with a sacrifice of little value than those who make libations of the blood of oxen. And, if he be pure,

I will give him knowledge of that which is to come, and so flood his eyes with light that he shall see God, and penetrate the dark phantoms that fill the world even in the shapes of men. Therefore it was, ye sages of Egypt, that I made choice of the wisdom of Pythagoras: and thereafter I have deceived no man, nor been deceived; for what the philosopher should become have I become, all that Wisdom promised to me I have obtained."

Undoubtedly it was the task of Apollonius to cure the world of its evils; but he failed to see that the errors of men sprang not from their philosophy, but from their nature, which no remorse, that is, pervading consciousness of sin, had as yet touched. Yet the very fact that Apollonius should have had a hearing at all in a city so corrupt as Alexandria, is an indication of the change that was going on in the minds of men. That many should believe him to be a divine king was of course natural, though Mr. Newman affirms that he really claimed nothing beyond a fuller insight into nature than others had, referring no part of his power to a Supreme Intelligence. Eunapius says he was a mean between a god and a man, his life being the wandering of a god upon earth. Ammianus Marcellinus classed him with Numa, Pythagoras, Socrates, and Plotinus, as among the few whose privilege it had been to be attended by a familiar spirit. Caracalla dedicated to him a temple; and many other temples also were afterwards built in his honor, in which his image was set up, as if his spirit still guided the affairs of men. Alexander Severus put his image by the side of those of Orpheus, Moses, and Christ, in his *lararium*; while Augustine compared him to Jupiter, much to the advantage of Apollonius in the matter of continence. In modern times, Bayle and Voltaire have endeavored to confound in an equal scepticism the prodigies ascribed to Apollonius, and the miracles recorded of Christ; while others have seen in him only the disciple of Pythagoras or the forerunner of Swedenborg. "Give me, ye gods, that which is due to me," was the ending of all his prayers. "Forgive us that which we owe," was the prayer of Christ: and therein lies all the difference between the true prophet and the false.

## ART. III. — WHITE'S SHAKESPEARE MEMOIRS.

*Memoirs of the Life of William Shakespeare, with an Essay toward the Expression of his Genius; and an Account of the Rise and Progress of the English Drama.* BY RICHARD GRANT WHITE.  
Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 1865. pp. xi., 425.

NONE of the notices of this book, in the various periodicals, seem to us to have exaggerated its merits; for, although it presents nothing absolutely new relating to the life and times of Shakespeare, it omits nothing, and brings the most authentic information into an agreeable shape. It is written in a clear style, that is seldom eloquent, but never attempts to be so; is almost devoid of rhetorical ambition; flows easily on, and carries the writer's well-considered enthusiasm into the willing mind of the reader. It is a book that never suffers the attention to fall away, so full of all requisite information and artistic feeling is it; so penetrated with the conscientious results of prolonged study, so nice in judgment, so frequently happy in criticism. Mr. White had previously taught us deference for his readings of Shakespeare's lines, and his surmises about their meaning. We expected that the whole literary portion of his task would leave little to be performed by subsequent writers; that here we might find the scanty biographical facts well sifted and arranged, the relation of the plays to the times set forth, the English growth and universal nature of their genius well described. In addition to all this, there is so much insight, such an easy and prompt delineation of Shakespearian characteristics, such nice critical suggestions, particularly in the Essay, that we are proud of the work, welcome it, and rejoice in it as a sound American contribution to the English Shakespearian literature, the best qualities of which it emulates; and if we proceed to notice a point or two upon which we cannot sympathize with Mr. White, and do not hesitate to pronounce out of place in his estimate of Shakespeare, and unworthy of the great prevail-



ing excellence of the volume, we still declare the book an honor to him and to American literature. For it is a most encouraging contribution to the perception, not yet many years old, that we have a native literature; that, while we still print English books with the rapacity and callousness of freebooters, we are beginning to excite the same freebooting propensity in the breast of English neutrality, whose privateers find something to prey upon, and worth the while to plunder.

In a thoroughly well-informed notice that appeared in the "Atlantic," Mr. Hudson objected to Mr. White's coloring of the relations between Shakespeare and his wife, and to his explanation, by the influence of London society, of the gradual refinement which all the female characters in the plays betray. We agree with Mr. Hudson, that there is no ground for supposing that the poet was the victim of his first love, and afterwards her hater; and we think, too, that the organic development of his genius, fed by experience of life, and contact with a wider sphere, is a fact of itself quite enough to account for the gradual ennoblement of his women. Their loveliness, purity, and moral grandeur sprang from the brain that teemed with the maturing of its own imagination. These points of dissent, therefore, though they had been marked for notice, we leave in Mr. Hudson's experienced hands.

But we object to Mr. White's elaborate attempt to make Shakespeare seem to have deferred so far to the current social distinctions, as to desire a coat of arms for his father, and to have esteemed the rank of a conventional gentleman as quite equal to the immortal distinction of his genius. There does not appear to us in the plays one trait or allusion that can fasten this vulgarity upon the poet. There is certainly no incident of his life that points to it; nor any collateral circumstance in the poet's family that can be ingeniously tortured to implicate him in this ridiculous self-depreciation. For when a man, whose soul is filled with truth or beauty, repines at the rewards and satisfactions which his own interior condition furnishes, he depreciates, not only himself, but the divine light that visits him, elects him, gives his name its blazon, and

puts him on the peerage of the world. Literary men, ready writers, men of knacks and talents, may thus suffer; not alone from the too frequent failure of daily comfort, but from the slights and under-estimates of society. They may be mortified when ignorant wealth takes precedence; may be indignant that their own mechanic tact and shrewd invention wins no gentle privileges; may grow disgusted with their trade, and ready to drop it for a contract in army clothing, an old family name, a new suit of fine manners, and admission to the graciousness of well-bred society. They may long for consideration quite as much as for the luxury of a noble behavior in their thinking and their writing, because they may be hacks who want to share the current pay for jobs that are brilliantly performed, and who have nothing but the mental surplus with the moral deficiency, which, in default of a balance at the banker's, form their stock in trade, and their ground of hope for recognition. Such men might be bright enough to make themselves very essential to an editor, or to some dramatic celebrity; and mean enough to expect to preserve social consideration, and a place by the side of true gentlemen, after levying black-mail upon their employer or their friend. But the exigencies of the *littérateur* should not weight the line that is to be dropped into that deep of invisible satisfaction which atones to a Milton or a Shakespeare for the shallowness of being discovered by a fine society.

Mr. White seems to confound the fact of being a gentleman with the accident of being gauged as such, and accepted; and he also seems to confound, instead of contrasting, the honorable ambition to have a pure and gentle mind with the social negligence to court and recognize it. He says well, that no amount of mental dexterity and insight can atone for the absence of that courtesy of the moral nature which flows into acceptable manners, and recommends a man to the immediate instinct of souls that have the grace, though they may not have the genius. No man is so well gifted, that he can afford not to be on gentlemanly terms with true gentlemen: no woman is so strong in her mind, that she can risk the loss of womanly sympathy, or the instinct of refinement. Both

men and women who cut themselves off from the influence of gentle manners, from the unselfishness of true politeness, from the regards which individuals cherish for each other in a fine circle, defraud their own strength of something that tempers it, keeps it genial, preserves from bitterness, endows with symmetry. Shakespeare had the common sense to admire and cultivate ennobled men and women : but Mr. White represents him as hankering after the nobility ; that is, not to be happy with the recognition of his kind, unless he could have also the recognition of a class. In this connection, we find such sentences as these : —

“ Men of letters, who are also gentlemen, cannot fail to see that distinction in their calling sometimes wins, and justly wins, only an attention different in degree, but not much in kind, from that which is lavished upon a mountebank or a medium. For between what a man can do to amuse, and even to instruct, and what he is, there is great difference.”

But if men of letters are also gentlemen, then there is no difference between what they can do and what they are. It is the same as saying that Christian feeling interpenetrates their morals and their intelligence. Why, then, should Mr. White say that such men of letters see that their distinction “justly wins” nothing but a vulgar attention? They do not see it; and it does not really win that, except in circles where no literary gentleman would ever desire to be seen. It is not impossible, that, in New York, literary gentlemen are depreciated and neglected; but he is no gentleman who laments that he fails of recognition by those who are not the kindred of his talent or his heart. There is as much shoddy in the complaint, as in the social causes of it.

Yet we are told that it was for this social consideration that William Shakespeare labored and schemed, — that he, the Stratford fugitive, beloved by poets and scholars, honored by the true courtliness of Raleigh and Southampton, “might return to his native place, and meet Sir Thomas Lucy as a prosperous gentleman.” Sir Thomas might well try to circumvent him, then, in that matter of the coat-armor; for it

was a contest between two vulgar men. They were well matched in lowness of views, but not in meanness of motives; for here Sir Thomas was the superior, as he merely defended an hereditary privilege. Shakespeare wanted to steal that as a conventional quit-claim for having stolen Sir Lucy's deer. "Still poaching on my manor," testy Sir Thomas might have cried, if this had been true.

But it was not true. Indeed, Mr. White, in attempting to inoculate the brain whence "Hamlet" and the "Tempest" sprung with this maggot of an upper-ten-dom, presents an argument that contains its own refutation. For the statement, on p. 113, that John Shakespeare made the application for a grant of coat-armor, in 1596, at the instigation of his son, is contradicted by the admission on p. 119, that the arms were granted in consequence of an application made by the father twenty years previously, when he was a prosperous man, and bailiff of Stratford. In other words, the father had always coveted the privilege to bear a coat of arms, and referred his claim for them to the services of his wife's ancestor towards King Henry VII. We do not know how many times he had renewed his application; but the Garter King at Arms, who conferred the arms in 1599, justified himself by the allegation that John Shakespeare "sheweth a patent thereof under Clarence Cook's hands in paper xx. years past;" and the grant expressly stated that this was his ancient coat of arms, "heretofore assigned him whilst he was Her Majesty's officer and baylefe."

John Shakespeare, though poor and fallen in estate, stripped of all his village dignities, could not forget them nor his claim to privileges derived from ancestral service. The less real estate he possessed, the more he clung to this fictitious estate conferred by parchment from the Herald's College. He was just the man not to give up without a struggle the hope which his neighbor, Sir Thomas, had perhaps succeeded in frustrating for several years. And, doubtless, the son had no objection to seeing his ancient enemy foiled and mortified; for he makes fun of Sir Thomas's punctilio in the matter of coat-armor in the first scene of the "Merry Wives of Wind-



sor." But, if he sympathized with his father in this contest with a rich and powerful neighbor, he none the less felt the absurdity of the whole transaction which made his father see "his son a gentleman before him." And when he puts this into the mouth of the Fool in "Lear," if he was thinking of his father, as Mr. White surmises, it was no folly of his own that suggested the satire, nor any complicity in that of his father, except so far as his satisfaction went to see Sir Thomas baffled. And, when we consider the social aspirations of that period in England, the father does not appear, relatively to them, foolish in pressing a claim to which he had some show of right. The folly would have been on the part of the poet in instigating such a claim for his own advantage, because he prized the second-hand consideration it would bring. We can believe that Shakespeare was sharp at making a bargain, strict in his dealings, and inexorable in demanding the same strictness from others; that he would prosecute a claim for debt, and get the money, notwithstanding the poverty of the debtor, which might seem to be a claim to a poet's consideration. An eye to business, and an eye "in a fine frenzy rolling," were two distinct things. But there is neither business nor poesy in this metropolitan notion of Mr. White, that Shakespeare languished for the consideration that is paid to a technical gentility.

After all, Mr. White would have us believe that Shakespeare returned to Stratford a disappointed man, because he had no son to be the third gentleman of his family! Certainly, if we weep at this suggestion, they will be "the first gentleman-like tears that ever we shed." The poet, eager for conventional consideration, yet conscious of the absurdity of the whole transaction of the coat-armor, is plunged in grief because he has no son to succeed to the absurdity. Not content with making a fool of himself, for a consideration, it was "with bitterness of soul that he saw the disappearance of his hopes of being the head of a family ranking among the gentry of England." And this, after having culminated in that consciousness of genius which the composing of "Macbeth," "Lear," and "Hamlet" must have given him; after experiencing the

first thrills of the successive inspirations which have thrilled eight generations of gentle and simple minds, and won from all of them a confirmation of the patent of nobility which his own hand first signed when his thoughts ennobled him at the moment of their birth. Mr. White suggests that he undervalued his plays because the profession of a playwright was unfashionable in England. He says, on p. 168 : —

“It is to this prejudice and to Shakespeare's desire to stand with the world as a gentleman of substance and character, and not as an actor and playwright, that we must attribute his neglect of his dramas, after they had discharged their double function of filling his pockets and giving his brain employment, and his soul expression.”

Can it be that he could write “Hamlet” and “Lear,” without a conviction that they were not mere playwrights' work, and with more desire to be considered a gentleman by heraldry than their author? Egotism melted away in these moments of profound emotion, which brought down consciousness of genius to supply its place. Not all the Shakespearian commentators can make us believe, that he subordinated his personal delight in the pomps of his imagination, and his continual sense of their permanent grandeur, to any social or pecuniary motive.

Sometimes we hear that Shakespeare had a childlike unconsciousness of the divine gift that possessed him ; so profound, in fact, that he did not appreciate what he had written, but preferred the early poems, and condemned the plays to neglect. That he was free from vanity, and lived with all men in a naïve and simple temper, we can believe. The broad and majestic elements of his works are in harmony with our feeling that he never aired his superiority, indulged no pettiness of behavior or of motive. But if ever a man lived who justly appreciated what personal passion, what conscious revel and turmoil, marshalled each play toward its climaxes of mirth or pathos, it was William Shakespeare. With all his ease of composition, he was no mere passage of the voice of a divine ventriloquist ; but his soul shook with its own deep vibrations, and his power reported itself first, and most intelli-

gently, to himself. Shakespeare's neglect of his plays was only apparent, and arose from the fact that they were written for acting companies who owned the manuscripts, and jealously guarded them from publication. Shakespeare was paid for them, and perhaps derived something from their representations; but he had parted with the right to publish them, except in one or two instances, when he sent them to the stage. Otherwise, if he loved money so well as Mr. White surmises, and wanted money to support the dignity of coat-armor, he might have taken advantage of the rage for plays in the reading public, and for the demand for his own, which became so great, even before he left London, that copies of them were surreptitiously obtained, most likely by a slovenly short-hand process during the representation.\* Our thrifty and title-hunting poet would have turned the popularity to account, if he had not put the plays beyond his control, for the sake of enriching the theatrical company whose shares he held.

It has been supposed, from this apparent neglect of the plays, that Shakespeare coincided with the judgment of the critics of his day who extolled the *Venus* and the *Lucrece*, and preferred these poems, and doubtless the *Sonnets* also, to his plays. We can never believe, that his personal experience in the act of composing the pieces which mark the height of his maturity did not serve him with a better judgment. And he would have lavished as much care and literary watchfulness upon the publication of the plays that were chiefly written by him, as he did upon these earlier poems; but the plays were not his to publish. In the case of "*King Lear*," written in

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\* Malone: also Drake's "*Shakspeare and his Times*," part ii. chap. vii. If not in this way, then by bribing or stealing, as many a play since has been appropriated by a rival actor or theatrical manager. Copyright now protects the author: but, in the time of Elizabeth, Shakespeare could neither protect nor prosecute; and the only existing immunity for plays was in their dulness, their unfashionableness, or the watchfulness of the company that owned them. A bookseller, having procured a copy of a play, might enter it at the Stationers' Company; then he could prosecute another bookseller for printing it. But there was nothing to protect a stage-copy from the designs of the publisher. The right to print certain books by letters-patent did not go behind the printing till a later period.

1605, and published in 1608, we have no means of knowing whether the bookseller, who printed those editions of it with the announcement upon the titlepage that it was "William Shakespeare *His Tragedy*," did it upon Shakespeare's authority or not. But as it was not published until three years had elapsed from the period of its composition, although the public was greedy to have the plays that Shakespeare wrote, it is plain that his neglect of them is a mistaken phrase for the theatrical right of property in them; as fanciful as his bitterness over coat-armor that had no heir.

We wonder that Mr. White does not find in rebellious Bolingbroke's speech to Busby and Green (*Richard II.*, iii. 1) the indication of a grudge that Shakespeare must have borne against Providence for defeating his rational desire to propagate gentility: it is where Bolingbroke confronts his prisoners with various charges:—

"You have  
From my own windows torn my household coat,  
Razed out my impress, leaving me no sign, —  
Save men's opinions, and my living blood, —  
To show the world I am a gentleman."

It is by such signs as these that our love and respect secure Shakespeare from the genteel suggestions of his critic.

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#### ART. IV.—THE DIVINE LIFE AND ITS WAY.

JESUS is reported to have once said to his disciples, "Enter ye in at the strait gate; for wide is the gate and broad is the way that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat: because strait is the gate, and narrow is the way which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it." This language has been supposed to teach that the majority of mankind are walking towards hell, where, after death, their portion will be endless torment; while a few are walking towards heaven, where, after death, they will inherit ever-



lasting happiness. Such was not, as we believe, his meaning. There is nothing to show that he referred to outward events or future times. It is more likely that he referred to the inward states and lives of men; their contrasted modes and elements of character, conduct, and experience in this world, and in the next only as the realities of the soul are a continuity to which death brings no interruption.

Strong are the temptations of worldly vagrancy and sinful greed, whose broad way leads to strife and misery; and many there are whose course of life brings them this experience. Unobtrusive and arduous is the way of moral endeavor and piety, which leads to approbation, peace, and joy; and few there are who rise to this experience. The way of carelessness and superficial pleasure, of vice and indolence, of selfish ambition, is easily trod; and though it leads to degradation and apathy, or to open ruin and remorse, many pursue it. But the way of earnest obedience and aspiration; of progressive purity, power, and elevation; of consecrated study and self-discipline,—requires sacrifices and toils,—requires superior qualities of soul; and, though it leads to the embrace of God, but few seek it. So says the great teacher of the world; and so says the consciousness of man in every age, still recognizing the downward allurements of evil, the upward calls of good, and the intermediate rebukes and appeals of the Holy Spirit; that Holy Spirit which is the ideal harmony of the universe, wooing all souls to conform to the divine pattern of their destiny.

The nature of the divine life, and the means of attaining it,—this is the subject now before us. It is a subject whose claims can have no parallel; which deserves the attention of our whole souls, while we wait here before the veils of the great initiation. Banished from the companionship and peace of heaven, ignorant of the blameless complacency that flows through its worshipping ranks, driven by restless desires, defiled with sin, prostrate in weakness and tears, we should lift our better longings towards this eternal ideal haunting the heights of conscience and imagination, and cry, Father, teach us what it is, and show us the way to it!

The phrase, "the divine life," means the most sacred, exalted, and attuned life possible to human nature. It is an inward happiness and repose of soul; a full action in accord; the moving equilibrium, constantly reproduced as fast as it is ever lost, of our wishes with our attainments. It is the steady fulfilling of the ends of our existence by the simultaneous performance of our duties and satisfaction of our wants. It is the experience which results where our characters are in harmony with truth and good,—our wills completely submissive and consonant to the Divine Will. He whose inward action and content are so deep as to leave no aching void in his being, and whose faith is so firm as to relieve him from every fear; who carries in his breast a fountain of serene rapture, fed by the invisible Divinity, and sweetly flowing through the vicissitudes of all hours,—has certainly entered on the sole life that is truly blessed. For he has begun to have his sufficiency within himself by a felt union with the Whole, and with the Author of the Whole; and thus to be lifted, by an internal trust and pleasure of the spirit, above the power of the world, above all dread of change and pain. He who has set his supreme affection on truth or the mind of God, and has in his degree won it, and in his surrender to it and enjoyment of it has no fear of ever losing it, and no controlling wish for any thing else; who perceives what he adores and desires, rising in his thought, descending on his vision, and pleading in every vibration of his senses; whose soul thrills in its solitary communion in recognition of the silent embrace of the Infinite; who so realizes the entrancing presence of the Creator as to turn away from all vileness, and feel himself filled with a peace which no discord can mar, and a filial confidence which rests in the trust of its own immortality,—that man has attained the divine life in all its earthly fulness; and not the rage of foes, not the power of death, not the duration of eternal ages, shall avail to ruffle the current of his being, or put a bound to the radiation of his bliss.

By the divine life, then, is meant the permanent consciousness and activity of a man whose being and action are entirely harmonized with the normal facts and laws of his situation

and destiny; who has been redeemed from the miseries of error and sin; delivered from the power of ignorance, sensuality, sloth, and conceit; and elevated into the all-sufficing quietude and joy of a personal union with God,—a complete re-action of consciousness on the action of divine reality. Such being the divine life, so free from gnawing care and trouble, so remote from the ravaging mortifications of selfish ambition and vanity, so fathomlessly filled with safety and sweetness, it is natural that we should desire to learn the way to it. We will, accordingly, now study to get a true answer to the question, What means shall a man take in order to rise from the miserable unrest of worldliness and indulgence, to the energetic exercise and peaceful satisfactions of spirituality, virtue, and wisdom,—ascend from the confusion and gloom of the lower levels of life, to the transfigured summit of experience?

The first indispensable step is to awaken in himself a dominant interest in the subject. Either by a keener sense of the actual evils around him, or by a brighter glimpse of the possible glories over him, his soul must be aroused to an eager search into the things that concern his genuine welfare. He must pierce the crust of commonplace that overlays his experience, and come to a vivid freshness of feeling. He must thrust the probes of self-examination beneath the layer of indifference, to the depths of his spiritual destitution and want. He must plume the unused wings of aspiration, to rise above the stagnant level of his habits to the heights of loftier perception and desire. He must spring from his torpid servitude, shake off the chains of sloth and routine, and ask for the means of a durable deliverance, resolving to acquire and use those means. Until this crisis is reached, that he is shaken from his spiritual sleep, ashamed of his low contentment, strongly desirous of advancing to something better, and ready to work for it, there is no chance of his emancipation. If the authoritative condition of seeking be neglected, the blessed result of finding will never be achieved. In most cases, the barrier fatal to all religious progress is indifference to the whole subject, which makes people superficially satisfied to remain as they

are. This apathy must be smitten through: they must be filled with a divine discontent, made to long for something higher than they have, or they are without promise. Truth and life can hardly be given to a passive soul. Only started by others, encouraged by others, it must itself do the essential work: and so the incipient step in the way to the divine life is always that by some means slumber and unconcern are dissipated; the man is startled from moral lethargy to the action of fear and hope, filled with uneasiness at his condition, and desire for something he does not possess, or does not sufficiently possess.

Now, it is one of the most pressing and solemn thoughts a man can entertain, that it is his duty not to wait for this experience to be produced in him by foreign agencies, but to effect it himself by examining the problems of his life. And it is an easy task, one should think, for a wretched outcast, a sinful and immortal man, the discrowned prince of the earth disguised and exiled in ignorance and misery, to stir himself to the most intense anxiety and ardor. If he will soberly contemplate the circumstances of his position; the mysteries which enshroud all things in their unlifted shadows; the resistless forces which are sweeping him to an unknown goal and doom; the approach of Death, sending his awful challenge far along the flaunting highways of life, saying to every man, "Prepare, for I am coming!" the dreadful monitions of conscience, significant aches and pangs too often known; the melancholy ghosts of neglected hours and perverted gifts; the repelling horrors of worn-out sensuality and consummated unbelief: and, on the other hand, the majestic commands of a virtue he has not obeyed, and the gentle invitations of a mercy he has not heeded; the holy spell of innocence and saintliness; the hopes in the sky of faith, inextinguishable prizes burning like mysterious beacons to guide him home to God; and, over and beyond all, the mystic waiting of eternity for his unreturning entrance, — if he will faithfully contemplate these things, will it not be enough to thrill him with awe and desire, and shock the palsied energies of his nature into earnestness?



If this fails, and his insensibility remains; if neither warning judgments can fright, nor inviting boons animate him with a moving interest, then his case is hopeless. Nothing can be done for him. He must be left to his own course till the trump that wakes the dead shall summon him to feel the powers of the world to come. But if he succeeds in awakening that consciousness of shortcoming and folly, and that anxious recognition of an unattained good which make him cry, "Oh! what shall I do to escape the misery of this death, and to reach the blessedness of that life!" he has made the indispensable beginning; his heart is opened to the higher influences that solicit him, his foot planted on the heavenly highway, his face towards the throne of God. It is clear, then, that the necessary start in the way to the divine life is the awakening, within the previously stolid soul, of a personal interest in the subject. Until that be done, every thing, except preparations for that, is vain.

And shall we not do that? Who so thoughtless as not to feel impelled to search seriously into the possibilities that wait on his action, and into the contingencies of his far-away inheritance? Who so trivial as not to be full of interest concerning the great fate which environs him and holds open its sable doors for him to come? Thither, dark and silent, stretches the path which we shall all one day tread alone, and never turn on our steps. If the irrevocable decree could find a tongue in nature, what heart would be unmoved as its accents formed in pathetic sound to say, "Thither you must go, and every remembrance of you fade from all your haunts, and your life leave no more record than the song of a bird leaves in the forest"? Is there one who can ward away the point of the exhortation which says to him, in view of these things, Awake, be earnest, toil, wait for more light to break in.

When a man has developed this state of mind, the next condition is, that he believe in the reality of the thing itself that is to be sought, have a clear conception of it, and a firm conviction of its attainableness. This is the second step, without which no advance can be made,—a fixed faith that

what we mean by the divine life is no empty illusion, but a substantial truth, the grandest of all spiritual prizes, steadily inviting the bestowment of our affections, augustly demanding the consecration of our thoughts. The earliest impediment on the way is the pitiable fact that so many are contented to remain in a selfish or traditional life, in a rooted indifference to truth, nobleness, and concord. When this carelessness has been removed, and an eager thirst for something diviner awakened, the next obstacle is the dark power of unbelief which disheartens and stops them. The victim of this painful distrust exclaims,—sometimes, in secluded hours of celestial visitation and tender overflow, exclaims,—“Oh, peerlessly beautiful and commanding is the ideal of the divine life! Floating before me, it attracts the profoundest yearnings of my soul. But I cannot believe it real on earth. It is an unsubstantial vision of the imagination, a heavenly deception, begot by chaste and hallowed fancy and desire, to mock the vanity of our proud aspirings, and the lowness of our poor estate. Such an experience as is thus mirrored in the glass of meditation is not to be known amid the rage of these vile passions, and the turmoil of this sinful world. I recognize it afar,—I adore it,—oh, I desire it! But it is a dream which I cannot think will ever become a reality here.” And then he sinks in discouragement to his earthly grovelings again. All progress obviously is at an end, until he obtains faith that the desired object is real, and that he can reach it. How, therefore, we must ask, can these sceptical misgivings be destroyed? There are three considerations which will prove to him who adequately ponders them, that the divine life, as it has been described, is no fanatic excitement or delusion, but a rational experience and a solid verity.

First, the unquestionable facts in the nature of the case. There are no two men or lives exactly alike, or on precisely the same level. An announcement which, made to one person, strikes him lifeless to the floor, made to another person, does not cause him to lay down the newspaper he is reading. There are different degrees of degradation, insensi-

bility, brutality, crime, and misery. With all their horrors and agonies of evil, they form a descending scale of woe that reaches from the unhappy restlessness of the common worldly man, to the anguish that owns no hope and utters no groan in the profoundest depths of perdition. There are, likewise, different degrees of purity, sensitiveness, virtue, freedom from fear and trouble, favor with the Holy Spirit, and unadulterated satisfaction in the immutable love of the Maker and Friend of all. The mingled repose and rapture of these experiences form an ascending scale of blessedness that reaches from the humility of the common good man in his labors, by the rare ecstasy of the saint in his devotions, to the unruffled perfection of bliss that streams through the heights of the heart of God. The self-evident facts of the case, traced in their rising gradations, demonstrate that there is, far up at the summit of the soul's climbing, a beckoning reality, the divine life, composed of the best ingredients of consciousness in their happiest combination. He who does not feel that he has attained all the elements of inward blessedness vouchsafed to man, and developed the experience of them to the limits of their possibility, must acknowledge that there is a choicer life above him claiming his allegiance, and waiting to enrich him with the gift of its imperishable joys.

Secondly, A man may prove the reality of the divine life by examining his own soul. His own occasional experiences imply it. None so low, so wicked, or so superficial, as not to have some memories of innocence and sanctification, hallowed hours and sinless hopes; some knowledge of the untainted rewards of disinterestedness, self-sacrificing toil, and personal goodness; some glimpses of spiritual glories, unattained, inviting his service and promising to bestow themselves on his love. Even the guilty, wretched slaves of the earth have revelations enough made to them of the nature of these spiritual experiences to prove, when duly considered, how true are the descriptions of the peaceful delights and inexhaustible profundity of a pious life in God. Let the appeal be made to any one. Have you not known moments of undisturbed content, of perfect health, of an ethereal satisfaction,

when the measure of every desire was filled to the brim, and it was luxury enough to exist; and, if you could be sure of the endless perpetuity of precisely that frame of feeling, you would wish no more? Have you not known a solitary hour when the unprofitable fret and stir of the world died away, your soul was in conscious harmony with the infinite flow of things, all sorrow and anxiety vanished, and the UNSEEN himself seemed to come into your breast with the full and sweet serenity of his bliss, and you said, "Ah that I could but preserve and dwell for ever in such a mood as this!" Experiences of this kind, more or less marked and frequent, come to all. They demonstrate the reality of the divine life, and point to the peaks of its beatific perfection, projected, roseate and immense, on the azure background of infinity. For if it can be transiently seen, it may be permanently possessed. If you can experience it for one exalted moment, you may uninterruptedly experience it for ever. Each man's own experience, therefore, may demolish his doubts.

Thirdly, The same thing is most conclusively proved by the testifying examples of saints, the explicit declarations of the choicest members of our race, the unveiled experience of heavenly-minded men of whom the world was not worthy. These men claim to have attained the blessed life, and to have dwelt in it. From their canonized elevation, they call on others to do likewise. To all, except the dead in trespasses and sins, how powerfully they plead, in such electrifying sentences as that of Francis of Sales, "The measure of the love of God is to love without measure"! They were too clear-sighted and calm, too patient and wise, to be deceived. They were too humble and sincere, too good and pure, to deceive others. There could be no motive for deception in the case,—every motive against it. If the testimony of any men may be trusted on any question of experience, theirs must be in relation to this: and with one accord, with singular agreement as to details, they declare themselves to have lived the divine life; to have reached, through religious faith and organic attunedness, an experience of quiet delight which words could not express, nor the world shake, nor time



exhaust. Francis of Assissi says, "Knowing myself to be nothing, and wishing to be so, God becomes mine with all his infinite riches, and I have no need either to deprecate or desire any thing more." Fénelon exclaims, "Oh! if men did but know what the love of God is, they would not wish any other felicity." And Bernard of Clairvaux cries, "All other joy is but sorrow." These wonderful utterances of the saints may seem to degraded earthlings delirium, and to slaves of selfish ambition folly; but to those called to be the peers of the saints, they are echoes of the most authentic oracles of divinity, blasts from the clarions of the cherubim, that make every faculty of their attentive souls leap and burn. That *they* had this experience, cannot be doubted; and who shall dare to call it a deception? No: every thing else may be false, but this is true. Based on immediate intuitions of consciousness, established by conclusions of reason and observation, fortified by the evidence of the greatest and best of men, pre-eminently exemplified by Jesus, and urgently proclaimed by every inspired Scripture, it must be accepted as a reality.

That it is not a tangible thing, outwardly approachable by the senses, but a spiritual truth, to be spiritually discerned, is really the great sign of its solidity and value. For the inward realities of experience are, to us, the only certain presences, the only sure enjoyment. These, in distinction from sensible objects, can only be perceived and appreciated after conscious processes of preparation adapted to them; and then all outward things are, in the comparison, illusion, dream, disappearance. A man of transcendent wisdom and excellence, long since risen to heaven, said once in his prayer, "My God, I see only thee: all other things vanish as a shadow before him who has once seen thee." And so it is. Before the intense realization of interior life, — faith, joy, communion with the Divine, absorption in the Divine, — external things fade into nothing. But, while sensual pleasures and earthly objects pass swiftly down the annihilating steep, the reality of a religious experience, to him who has once found it, nothing shall ever wear away. On its undiverging current floats the bark of our hopes, the bark of existence

itself, over the crystal depths, by the blessed isles, beneath the cloudless infinite, towards the everlasting haven.

He who has got thus far, has fulfilled the preliminary conditions, and is ready to take the third step ; namely, the commencement of a course of discipline and culture with reference to the gradual preparation of his consciousness for the gifts God waits to bestow on it. First, having awakened an anxiety concerning his condition and fate, then having arrived at a belief that there is before him, within his reach, an experience adequate for his profoundest wants, he must next labor to obtain that experience. Just here, in this requisition for persevering effort, is the obstacle before which more persons sink in failure, than from all other causes. For there are very few whose souls are not sometimes roused to a trembling interest in their destiny by the stirrings of fear in view of evil, and of hope in view of good ; few who do not sometimes rise to a belief in the reality of God, and in the active nearness of his Spirit, and feel that full satisfaction is to be found only in the fruitions of an exalted moral experience, an experience based on a religious interpretation of the realities and laws of being. Few indeed are there who have not gone as far as this in the way to the divine life ; but an innumerable multitude have never gone any further, because, from lack of earnestness, they were unwilling to pay the price of continued progress. Time need not be spent in showing, that, unless this third step be taken, all that has gone before is useless. It is evident of itself, that the awakening force of fear or hope breaking the lethargy of content, and the revealing force of faith showing the vision of desire ahead, are antecedents valuable only as they serve to remove hinderances, and prompt to the use of the means which will lead into progressive possession of the end.

The substance of all the guiding precepts that can justly be urged on a man who fervently desires the saintly experience, and has a clear belief in its reality, is this : Truly work for it ; acquire that habitual mode of thought which furnishes the genuine foundation and nutriment for it ; strengthen and purify your intellect and sensibility ; cultivate the

power and delicacy of your affections by consciously turning them towards the truth, the light, the beauty, the love of the universe, — towards law, heaven, eternity, and God. These realities will gradually win and assimilate your soul to themselves, and the ascending degrees of the divine life will successively be gained. Let him who would enter on this experience, understand well the fact that he can never have it by waiting for it, nor by wishing for it, but only by working to fit himself for it and to win it by the sincere and patient exertions of his own soul, by modesty, by self-renunciation, by the triumphant merging of individual whim in universal order. The real work to be done is to develop and vitalize the inmost powers of our nature, refining and elevating them, and subduing them to the conditions of the truth; to eradicate from our faculties all deadness, discord, and corruption, infusing into them consciousness, harmony, and energy. Thus we prepare ourselves for the divine unveiling and the personal recognition and assumption of our true heritage in God. The instrumentalities of accomplishing this work are not miraculous, but divinely natural.

Beginning with the most rudimentary and fundamental, we say that one of the chief helps towards the proposed end is thought. Right thinking is an exercise which wakens and deepens the soul, cleanses and fortifies it, enlarges its sensitive capacities and demands, enables it feelingly to appropriate for its enjoyment and growth the finer influences of both worlds, the seen and the unseen. It is plain that a person can know but little without first thinking of it; that thought is the road over which the mind passes to truths, and truths pass to the mind. If he would obtain new and profounder experiences, if he would acquire a firmer faith in providence and eternal life, he must think about them, think his way up to their level. Pure reflection on the loveliness of truth, on the marvels of the mind, and the greatness of its destiny; on the glory of the creation, on the ineffable mysteries of the Infinite and his workings, — is not only a means towards the blessed life; it is also an integral element of that life. A gentle poet, who, in the sickness and pain that preceded the

lamented earliness of his departure, said he could already feel the daisies growing over him, once wrote thus to his brother:—

“When some bright thought has darted through my brain,  
Through all that day I have felt a greater pleasure  
Than if I had brought to light a hidden treasure.”

Thinking in a spirit of affectionate trust on worthy themes, yields an exquisite satisfaction, free from every low association, wicked alloy, and remorseful sting. The more thorough and extensive, the more cleanly extricated from prejudices, it is, in so much closer connection it gets with the first founts of blessedness. The Psalmist, speaking of his religious meditations, exclaims, “How precious are thy thoughts unto me, O God! How great is the sum of them!” The Holy Spirit, or the redemptive attraction of God, is the harmony of the universe. The communion of the Holy Spirit, so far as his consciousness is concerned, is, of course, hopelessly shut out from him who does not think about it, and by pious thought prepare himself to respond to its influence; mastering that grade of insight, that method of contemplation, which at once removes from Deity the mask of his works, and bares the soul for the touch of his hand. Think of the creation as a constantly improvised spectacle of the Divine Thought; think of the normal forces of the universe, by whose playing in adjusted organisms life is sustained, as immediate vibrations, instantaneous touches and communications, of the Divine Power; think of the will of God as everywhere present in nature and spirit, divesting itself of its choicer prerogatives as it descends to suffuse a flower, resuming them as it ascends to inspire a soul; and that mode of thought will furnish both support for the tranquillity of the servant, and fuel for the flame of the saint.

Another means of winning the divine life is the cultivation of a devotional temper and attitude; a frame of unsophisticated supplication; prayerful aspiration and desire; a purposeful throwing open of the avenues of the soul, and an earnest imploring of truth, goodness, beauty, and repose, to approach and tarry; a penitent crying to God for pardon, and



a beseeching of him to come in with his blessing,—come dwell in a breast that fain would love him. Cherish moods of humility, godly sorrow, trustful uplooking; for the Lord is nigh unto them that are of a broken heart. By an effort of faith and imagination conceive ravishing ideals of virtue and peace; uncover divine lures in their splendor, and aspire towards them as they lie in the line of the blessed life; wish to realize them; pray for the gift of them. When you walk abroad, sometimes cast your eyes into the far blue heaven with speechless longings. They will not be in vain, but will procure tokens of celestial favor. Kneel in your closet and say, "O God! I have not known thee: deign to reveal thyself to me; teach me to love and obey thee; by all thy goodness, oh forgive my wanderings, and let me feel the tranquil raptures of a life hid in thy blessedness." Such petitions will not be unheard, nor fail to bring down answers of growing fulfilment. Hearty prayer, which is essentially a conscious strengthening of our good wishes by reverently and imploringly breathing them in the ear of God, with spiritual yearnings and reachings after them, is sure to be answered by a fixed law, if not by a special act. "Can a mother forget her sucking babe? Yea, she may forget; yet will I not forget thee, nor refuse to hear thy cry," saith the living God to every child of his realms.

Holiness, or a personal keeping of the divine commandments, purity, or a sacred fealty to the inward law,—is likewise and pre-eminently a vital condition in passing over the way to the blessed life. The moral law is our directest bond of relationship with God, our immediate clue to him through all the labyrinths of mystery. Without the explanatory guidance and light of the moral sentiments, earthly experience would be an insoluble enigma; human nature itself being, but for this key, lost in the waste of unintelligible matter and force. In proportion as we develop in ourselves the power and beauty of a supreme righteousness, an introspective gaze reveals lineaments of meaning and the countenance of God smiling in the still mirror of the soul. Obedience to the monitions of conscience, the throned ambas-

sador of Deity, is an undeviating way to the profoundest satisfactions possible to our nature; the straight way leading unto life, in all the fathomless significance of that word. He who tramples on the messages of this authoritative envoy, violating its requisitions on him to practise the virtues of justice, humility, temperance, and charity, thereby degrades and hardens his sensibilities, renders his soul coarse and unclean, incapable of the sweet and lasting pleasures of innocence and spiritual communion with things good and fair, the foretasting anticipations of heaven. What is it, that, in the average tenor of life, destroys our faith in the permanent reality of those entrancing glimpses of blessedness vouchsafed to us in our choicest hours? It is unfaithfulness to duty, unchastity of spirit. He who insults conscience by breaking its law, and daubing himself with vices, is deprived of self-respect, deprived of confidence towards God, knows he is unworthy of the exalted privileges of the divine life. Consequently, he is banished from it by an inexorable law, rooted as the core of his being, and awful as the whisper of Omniscience. He finally loses faith in it, and ceases to think of it. The habitual, willing indulgence in one known wrong is fatal to true progress in religious experience. If we would live with God, constantly enjoying the prerogatives of truth and goodness, we must not neglect a known duty, but be ever upright, diligent, and pure; still cultivating a good report in the sight of that holy Being whose omnipresent blessings wait and sue to be approached by holiness. Haughtiness and self-indulgence offend and shut out God; loving humility and self-denial invite his visits and prove his presence. There is a form of piety which swoops to the embrace of heaven through the warm abyss of Antinomianism, which is satisfied and fearless in its fancied possession of the infinite Love, because it thinks there is no such thing as evil. But the wholesome and noble characteristic of Christian piety is, that it travels to the bosom of God over the road of ethics, — seeks the divine favor by becoming worthy of the divine approval. This piety is the fragrance of morality, while the other is the breath of superstition.

But, after all, the principal means of rising into the divine life, indeed the very source and arterial stream of the thing itself, is love. "He that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him." Many a laboring step must be taken before this inspired knowledge can be really possessed in personal experience, ceasing to be a mere verbal formula. Yet there is no intrinsic vagueness or difficulty in what is meant by saying that the way to the knowledge of God, that the essence of blessedness, is love. Love is the benign activity and right substance of all spiritual being, the centremost life of every free creature, the normal consciousness of every soul in the spontaneous thrill of its relations and performance of its functions. All modes of pure affection in the soul are grassy lanes, along which thoughts, in modest seclusion, walk to the forest-secrets of universal being, and bring back divine tidings of truth, grace, and cheer. Without the help of definitions, everybody understands what love is, possesses some of it, and may know, that, in the last analysis, it is the sole source of his joy. It is the fruitional accompaniment of the intercourse between the individual and the whole; between the unit of a conscious soul and the totality of things. The finite love within is a key-note to attune our personality to the infinite love without. When this is perfected, we have the divine life in a flow of music.

Plainly, then, if a man would obtain a purified and sweetened experience of existence, and would broaden and intensify it into an exalted and incorruptible calmness of belief and pleasure, he must enlarge and hallow his love. He must kindle higher that sacred flame which will cleanse the asbestos texture of his being from its defiling grime, which will burn away the films that bedim his inward eye and hide his God. He must carry to completeness that office of affection whose purpose it is to secure accord in energies, and energies in accord. If a youth, set to study conic sections, cannot master them, he will turn back and train his faculties by the practice of easier problems, till he can. A coarse rope, fastened between the limbs of a tree, will make no music in the wind; but an *Æolian* harp, hung among the branches, will

discharge touching plaints of melody on every sigh of the breeze. So a cold, cruel, sensual, unthinking man cannot appreciate the lofty claims and invitations of the divine life. Before he can know how it secretly woos him from his wretched vagrancy with offers of its unperturbed and endless joys, he must acquire a new insight, and become more spiritual and sensitive. And, in order to become so, he must sedulously cherish every means of improving his love, making the love that is already in him more and better. He must vanquish every vile impulse and rough passion; indulge no gusts of temper; cast out envy, vanity, pride, and hate, subduing them under the serene sway of an all-pervading and magnanimous charity. Let him cultivate the love he has, and at length it will dilate and soar into an experience he has not, but inexpressly desires. For the love of nature, beauty, truth,—the love of usefulness, heroism, disinterested goodness,—the love of men, when developed to a certain pitch,—pass into something before unknown, diviner than all, the love and blessedness of God;—that profound delight of being and repose of faith which are the central elements of an immortal sainthood and heaven.

“Imagine something purer far,  
More free from stain of clay,  
Than friendship, love, or passion are,  
Yet human still as they;  
And if thy lip for love like this  
No mortal word can frame,  
Go ask of angels what it is,  
And call it by that name.”

The humbler degrees of the divine life are for all: the ecstatic fruitions of its perfection are only for a select few. All vices are really revelations of weakness; all virtues, signals of power. For the most exalted and vast functions of human experience,—the joys and contentments achieved by the saints, the most vivid and sustained re-actions on the most distant and comprehensive motives,—very few persons are rich enough in supplies of spirit. Their reservoirs of force are too narrow and shallow to feed the stupendous demands; their vibrations fade out on more contracted shores. Yet



this incompetency of the many is no reason for not holding aloft the transcendent ideal for the few. The common rudiments of arithmetic are needful for every one: to wield that tremendous instrument of science, the differential and integral calculus, is reserved for those of rare endowments and study. Yet what an immense superiority, in regard to spaciousness and wealth of mental command, intensity and dignity of consciousness, Leibnitz and Newton had, in the possession of this wondrous instrument of thought, over the savage who could count only his fingers and toes! And what presumptuous folly it is in the weak and ignorant to deny the reality of the amazing feats of amazingly gifted souls, because such are impossible to themselves! The victories of wisdom and love of which any one is capable are proportioned to his power and fineness. The limits differ, but each is to go to the length of his tether, rise as high as his strength of wing can carry him; and not, because he is struggling in the cloud, refuse to believe that others are soaring in the very zenith. At the same time, no one should forbear to indulge in personal aspirations to the saintly standard, on the ground that it implies a pride of faculty and elevation hopeless for him. Not pride of knowledge or height of climbing, but rather purity and modesty, self-abnegation and lying low, are the grand conditions of saintly fruition. Not kingly conspicuousness of attainments, but sweet and tender adjustment of sensibility, is the essential requirement. An opaque body, lifted to the loftiest mountain-top, will reflect nothing: a pure mirror, laid in the lowest valley, will show all the nightly pageantry of the heavens. Cover the bed of the mind with an amalgam made from a knowledge of the scale, methods, and colors of the creation, cleanse its surface with the spirit of self-surrender, and the shining realities and purposes of God, as they pass overhead in the melody of their endless pomp, will be answeringly revealed in consciousness, and will there awaken thoughts and emotions harmonized with themselves. And it is this correspondence of states in the spirit with objects in God's providence that constitutes the blessed and eternal life. Then, one may truly

say, the macrocosmic all is reflected in the microcosmic mind as the sun lies in a bead of dew.

The conventional type of the divine life, represented in the ecclesiastical saint, differs from what we conceive to be the genuine type of it in the true saint, in the following manner. The ecclesiastical saint puts denial in the place naturally held by gratification, virtually aiming to annihilate the functions of nature by an utter absorption of them in the functions of grace. The true saint does not destroy, but purifies and co-ordinates the natural gratifications of his being in accordance with the scale of their proper rank. The ecclesiastical saint inverts the aim and subverts the very substance of the usual motives of life; coveting, in the place of pleasure, pain; in place of honor and service, contempt and abuse; in place of dignity, abasement; in place of wealth, poverty; in place of life, death; and, in place of remembrance, oblivion. This obviously violates the creative plan, and, if carried out, would produce total death. On the other hand, the true saint keeps the human desires to their original functions, but inverts their natural force, and makes the order of intensity parallel with the order of authority, regarding the interest of the whole first, his mere personal gratification last. This obviously, if universally done, would secure universal harmony and fulfilment of life.

From the point of view of personal ethics, the essence of irreligion is egotistic will, the emotional enthronement of self above that which should command it; the essence of religion being, from the same point of view, the emotional abnegation or subdual of self before every thing which really ranks above it. Now there is only one thing which can constantly secure this pleased and awed abeyance of the human ego, the self-regard which is so exasperating, easily nettled, ever hostile to peace. That one thing is a ruling idea of God, a vital perception of the true nature and authority of God. But God is not to be found, as many seem to fancy he exclusively is, in the letters of the word by which we name him, nor in the forms of any stereotyped usage. He contains all that is, and is himself not containable in any thing, but only recog-

nizable by enlightened spirit. It is also a fatal mistake to suppose him an exterior, solitary monarch, throned on the inaccessible altitudes of the creation, coldly contemplating the relentless movement of the mechanism of things. He is the limitless spirit of life, feeder of function, author of law, synthesis and sovereign of infinite order. Omniscient centre of energy and good, no object, no moment, can be without him. He is here. He breathes in every soul, and his breath is bliss. But we must develop in ourselves a consciousness of this by cultivating an answering intellection and sensibility, a blessed and dread appreciation of our own nothingness and his infinity, or we shall never feel, shooting through us, the divine thrills of recognition and repose that bless his favored children. To him who thinks of God as pure and boundless power, wisdom, beauty, love, and blessedness, the pursuit of the divine life ceases to be a repulsive duty, lashing him to its tasks with threats; and becomes a wonderful privilege, alluring him to its joys with invitations. To him who perceives that God is either nowhere or else everywhere, either nothing but a word or else all that is mysteriously great and fair, that perception reveals the whole creation inundated with the radiance and rapture of the Divinity. Incapable of the stupid and impious blunder of owning God in breaks and exceptions alone, the man of truly pious insight owns him still more in continuity and customariness. Unquestionably, the providential sensorium of the universe vibrates to the wings of the flying sparrow as well as to the plunge of the falling one. He who will but dwell long enough and earnestly enough on the wonderful depth and truth of Lessing's inspired thought, "God is to be separated from me, but not I from him," will find himself breaking through the dead crust of habit into the infinite freshness of the divine presence, the infinite flood of the divine life. Without doubt, any amount of traditional exhortation, talk, wilful emotion, and argument, on this point, may drift fruitlessly before the mind as so much unmeaning cant. But who can for himself in reality personally meditate on God as the being of whose causative power the astronomic universe is

only a single manifestation, without a shudder of delightful awe? without perceiving the folly of seeking to evade him, and the madness of wishing to rebel against him? without feeling the unutterable desirableness of a perfect submission to him and conscious unison with him?

The vilest man is the one in whom the lowest and narrowest motives act with the greatest intensity: the divinest man is the one in whom the highest and most expanded motives act with the greatest intensity. Now, on the ascending scale of human conquests and nobleness, there are five general orders and levels of life. Some pass up through all these, to stay on the top; more sink to the bottom, to grovel there; but most continue to go round and round at that height on which they were bred. First, there are lives of capricious impulse, whose characteristic is a fickle subjection to circumstances. Second, there are lives of self-indulgence, whose rule is the gratification of separate cravings. Third, there are lives of social conformity, whose standard is the requirements of respectability. Fourth, there are lives of moral fidelity, whose commanding authority is reason and conscience. And, finally, there are lives of religious triumph, whose law is the aspiration of ideal sentiment and the model of perfection. These last cover the province of what we mean by the divine life, — a grasping in thought of the creative plan, and a due re-action on it, resulting in a deep melodious peace and joy. This is the highest, choicest, grandest, of all lives; and it is, consequently, the one which the fewest persons ever reach. It requires for its permanent attainment a soul whose native impulse is not to rest nor to pounce, but to soar. Indian Gautama, Persian Dschelaleddin, Hebrew Spinoza, German Boehme, English Law and the company of their peers, gathered from many lands and ages, — the lonely knighthood of thought and feeling, the conquerors of evil, grouped and transfigured in their height, — are representatives of this life. He who has the fineness and wealth of spirit to feel the irresistible attraction they exert on those of their own kind, in response to their supernal summons will hold on with tenacious resolve through all evasions and failures; leaving mil-



lions defeated behind him as he ascends, till his purpose is crowned.

The first peculiarity that distinguishes the divine life from the other and lower lives is a total harmony of being, obtained not by the death or sleep of the superior powers, but by the due subordination and attuning of the inferior. The next peculiarity is, that in it we conform our opinions and wishes to the regulations and results of Providence, and do not ask for the regulations and results of Providence to be conformed to our opinions and wishes. We do not try to bend the truth to our souls, but bend our souls to the truth. The fatal foes to this life are shallowness, sensuality, vanity, and self-will. A profound, illuminated, surrendered personality is the sole form through which it flows in its fulness; a personality, owning God to be all in all, itself only as a word of his voice, a tone of his lyre. We must not even insist on self-perpetuation, but leave it wholly to God, remembering that not the length but the quality of our life is the first concern; not the extent and attendants of the path, but the kind of man who treads it. The measure and circumstances of our career are nothing in comparison with the contents and nature of our experience. Let not the sublime quantity of the idea of immortality withdraw attention from the determination of its essence. It is not so much life without a stop that we should seek to achieve, as life without a jar; not so much consciousness without limit, as consciousness without alloy. An existence, it is conceivable, may keep on for ever, and yet be a wretched and detestable thing, better rid of than retained. An everlasting existence, to be desirable, must be made up of harmonious perception, obedience, trust, and joy. Wisdom dictates, therefore, that we make sure of the life of blessedness, nor take anxious thought about a life of endlessness.

Moreover, if we wish to live for ever, this is the only way to secure that result. For life, to be eternal, must be sustained by an eternal object; and God alone is free from decay or change. The blessed and immortal life must be a life composed of blessed and immortal ingredients,—truth, order,

love, magnanimity; a serene contemplation of reality, and a joyous conformity to it. If on this earth we merely learn to trade and cipher, to dress and ride, to despise our inferiors, to hate our rivals, to envy our superiors, to eat and drink and sleep and wake, what element of life have we which spirits can still lead when freed from the flesh, and transferred from the conditions of a selfish world to heaven? There is an absolute Being who possesses all in himself, is insusceptible of any want from eternity to eternity, without an alteration and without a shadow. Eternal life for us is to know this Being, feed on him, partake his attributes, be consciously included in him. Then the soul, finitely reflecting him whose essence is perfection without hinderance or bound, becomes an ideal correspondence with him, and is filled with a jarless and shadowless life never to end. Few indeed attain to the fruition of this life, at its final goal, in full consciousness. Most lack the requisite scope, intensity, and tenacity of upward and expansive impulse, — are too much given to trivialities and cares, personal passions and worldly contentions. They are too selfish to identify themselves with any great aim of a body of men, and so live in the noble interest of a social object; too opinionated to identify themselves with the truth, and so live in the joyous service of reality and freedom; too egotistic to identify themselves with the spirit and law of the whole, and so live in the eternal order of things, in the presence and fellowship of the absolute One. But to him who does attain, how dim and petty all other prizes, how poor and partial all other positions and acquirements, must seem! In his knowledge of his relation to the Godhead losing all the wearisome sense and rasping opposition of a self-centred personality; in his knowledge of the laws and motions of the whole, feeling himself, without a tincture of egotism, a live drop of omniscience in the abyss of being, mirroring the tremendous splendors of immensity, — what an immovable support and resource, what a rapturous inspiration, are his! All lower aims and results seem insignificant preliminaries, when compared with the overwhelming greatness of this. Wonderful as the ideal is,

however its imposing gorgeousness, set infinitely remote, appears to mock our incompetent powers as with a godlike irony, the human mind has conceived it, has realized it; and why may it not do so again? Such men as Augustine, Bonaventura, Malebranche, Schleiermacher, however imperfectly they attained this life, could never be satisfied with any thing short of it. The painful longings for it with which their bosoms ached, the ecstatic hours in which they knew it their own, are recorded in their works as with pens dipped in seraphic fire, to touch kindred souls with mystic emotion, and inflame them with the divine ambition. What more potent corrective can there be for that sense of tedium and worthlessness in life so often felt, what better antidote for that contemptuous estimate of their race indulged in by so many, than to turn away from the inferior levels on which mortals struggle and fester, and see a man, masked and unconscious king of nature, vagabond heir of God wandering here unknowing and unknown in his own realms, by the transforming power of an ultimate perception, shed his obscuring *exuviae*, and vault into the throne of his princeliness amidst the glittering universe; self-will beneath his feet, the sceptre of truth in his hand, the ministering landscape of infinitude before his gaze!

The divine life, then, is a life free from the galling bonds and fretful exactions of self-will, free from discord and fear; a harmonized life of trustful power, joy, and peace, which the soul recognizes as a communication or proximate fusion with the immanent Lord. It is that experience which results when the soul, consciously or unconsciously, attributes an infinite personality to the unity of the universe, and responds accordingly in perfect surrender. The essence of it, in its ultimate reduction, stated in scientific phrase, is the equivalence of action and re-action between the soul and the surrounding contents of the medium in which it exists. Stated in religious language, it is the fruition of the will of God in the soul. Stated in common speech, it is the experience of him who continuously and completely fulfils the divine plan and purpose in his creation. The law of progress

in it is a sovereign consecratedness to the culture of insight, energy, sensibility, and obedience, by persevering exercises of thought, prayer, holiness, and love. When these have done their perfect work in a man, how beautiful and sublime he is ! What a divine creature ! How enviable his lot ! The saintly nimbus lambent about his brow, he serenely fronts the storm of sin and time ; and, at last, transferred to his home, eternity itself shall chase by that happy soul, —

“ Unable to abate  
Its paradisaal smile at fate ! ”

Certain instances of apparent exceptions to the law of advance in the divine life, as it has now been stated, may seem to disprove its accuracy, or at least its comprehensiveness ; but they really illustrate and confirm it. Reference is made to cases of sudden conversions, in which there is an almost immediate succession of conviction, sanctification, and entrance on the deep and ardent enjoyment of a religious experience. Overlooking the instances which may be explained by fanaticism, deceit, or previous secret preparation ; taking a genuine example, stripping off all adventitious circumstances, and analyzing the process gone through, — we shall always find it to be the following. Some mighty spiritual agency has suddenly been brought to bear on the man, rousing his nature to action, intensifying his affections, and turning them towards the presence of divine things. Standing on the verge of a foul crime, he may be filled, by the recalcitrant shocks of remorse and horror, with an agony of sensation, resulting soon in penitence, followed by forgiveness and peace. The pendulum of consciousness, in its reaction from the one extremity, may swing far across the poise of indifference, to the other extremity. Some great, unexpected blessing, flooding the soul with gratitude that instinctively rises upwards, may revolutionize his practical beliefs, and bring forth in a moment, as it were, a whole world of religious knowledge and emotion. Some dangerous sickness, prostrating his selfish strength and pride, bringing him to the edge of the grave, may so effectually teach him the shadowy



nature of this temporal sphere, and the stupendous claims of eternity, that, when restored, he rises up a devout servant of God. In an unguarded hour, when he anticipates it not, the words and tones of some sacred teacher, attended with mysterious efficacy, may rive his soul with a resistless feeling that all is not well with him, that a nobler life demands his efforts; and he cannot rest till it be sought and won. Some heavy calamity — treachery, disappointment, the death of a dear friend — may drive the ploughshare of woe through his heart, till its lacerated feelings, with a miraculous intuition of the source of relief, stretch out their bleeding fibres for the balm of heaven to bathe them. An appalling casualty, with hand of material horror snatching aside the customary veils of life, and flinging into utter abeyance all the interests of time; or a longing spiritual grief forcing its way up, couching the inner eyes, opening on the gaze the vast objects of supersensual truth, — may desquamate the old experience, and quicken one incomparably deeper and purer. A sudden appreciation of the mission of Christ, a surprising sight of the glory and love that shine in the face of the crucified Saviour, may smite the hardness of his unbelief; melt it into amazement and adoring joy; and swiftly bring him to the feet and the bosom of that Son of God who was so lifted up, in order that he might draw all men unto him. The occasions and circumstances are many and different: the essential process is ever one and the same; namely, the action of some spiritual power first breaking up his indifference and earnestly engaging his attention; secondly, suggesting to him the reality of a commanding good he does not yet possess; and, thirdly, developing his sensibilities till they reach after it, and embrace it, and thrill and rest in its blessedness.

This process and its result may, no doubt, occasionally be effected by agencies primarily foreign to ourselves; but that is an exception on which we have no right to rely. The formula we are bound to follow is conscious effort and personal preparation. It is not safe to wait for unknown events or abnormal influences to save us. They may not come at all. If they do come, it may be in rending agony and fear. We

had better follow the sure law. By following precisely this method,—meditation, virtue, sympathy, and studious labor,—one of the wisest and most sainted men modern times have produced; a man who said, “In my early years, my spirit, consumed with passionate fires, thirsted for an unknown good, and my body pined away to a shadow under the workings of a troubled mind,” was, at a later period of his life, enabled to say, “I have attained to a faith and serenity that once seemed denied in the present state.” The doctrine we have set forth is thus sealed and clasped, as with a diamond brooch, with the precious and deathless name of Channing.

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#### ART. V.—THE ORIGIN OF MAN.

1. *Lectures on the Antiquity and Origin of Man.* By JOHN LUBBOCK, F.R.S. London. 1865.
2. *Researches into the Early History of Mankind, and the Development of Civilization.* By EDWARD BURNET TYLER. London. 1865.
3. *Lectures on Man: his Place in Creation, and in the History of the Earth.* By DR. CARL VOGT. Published for the London Anthropological Society.

THE antiquity of man, and the double question of his origin,—whether by development from a lower type (as the anthro-poid), or by distinct creation; and whether of one or several original stocks,—are topics closely connected, both in themselves and in the discussions going on among scientific men. The first was treated in a previous number of the “Christian Examiner,”\* in a review chiefly of Sir Charles Lyell’s very full, though somewhat dry, synopsis of the evidence on that subject. Mr. Lubbock’s volume covers nearly the same ground, but more archæologically, and less geologically; is more readable, but throws no new light on the chief point.

Some opinions were briefly expressed in the article referred

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\* November, 1864.

to upon the second topic, the question respecting the *simian* origin of the human race. Further reading has brought no disposition to change the views then expressed; namely, that nothing in the investigations of the archæologists hitherto helps us a single step towards bridging over the gulf between man and the lower animals. The earliest traces yet discovered of man show him entirely anthropic, not anthropoid; and what is quite as much to the purpose, all phases of ape life, as now existing, or revealed in fossil remains, are purely simian, not semi-human. There is no nebulous shading-off on either side. Some doubtful stories of baboons or oranges that use clubs, and make for themselves slight shelters of the boughs of trees, are the nearest approach to man from the anthropoid quarter;—stories, if true, no more to the purpose than the fact that birds build nests, beavers dams, marmots burrows, bees hives, and that elephants use boughs to whip off flies, is to show a human tendency in these animals.

The physiological argument stands on a different footing. As between Mr. Huxley and Mr. Owen, and the parties which they respectively represent, we are inclined to think the former have the advantage. It is not practicable to point out any structural peculiarity, of such importance as to entitle man to be regarded as an Order by himself. In zoölogy, man may be regarded as forming a genus, distinguished by the unprehensile character of his hinder extremities, and his naturally upright position, or bipedal locomotion. But, supposing it should be shown that man holds only the place of one species among the *bimana*,—Mr. Huxley having proved the old term *quadrumana* an error,—so long as it has not yet been proved that any one species of the whole family, or order, was derived from another, of course nothing is effected towards proving man to have been derived from other and lower types.

But what, after all, depends on the way this question is settled? If man were clearly proved to be a distinct order, that would be to establish only a zoölogical fact, pertaining solely to his physical structure and functions. It would do nothing towards establishing his moral and intellectual pre-

eminence. And, on the other hand, to show him to be physically co-ordinate with lower animals could not possibly affect his actual supremacy mentally. Suppose a perfect resemblance in every physical organ and member, a complete corporeal equivalency, were proved to exist between men and some apes or gorillas: it would only demonstrate, beyond all question, that the evident and immense superiority of the human being, mentally and spiritually, is due to something else than physical conformation. If there should be found a perfectly man-like ape, yet plainly an ape, it would complete the proof that *humanity* is not a thing of physical origin. So the anxious student, conscious of a kind of fear of being shown to be akin to monkeys, may rather welcome Mr. Huxley's demonstrations, and feel sure that he is not in the remotest degree related to the anthropoids, the more plainly it appears that they have all the apparatus he has, hands and brains too, yet are nothing but apes and baboons, — having a reasonable confidence, an internal evidence, that he is something far better, whatever may be true of anthropologists.

There seems to be here a curious instance of the glaring inconsistencies into which men of science are often led by their prepossessions, — that many of those who regard Mr. Huxley's views as true, and as establishing the probable community of origin of man and the apes, notwithstanding the obvious differences in the whole specific conformation, shape, size, covering, feature, and habits, are the same men who maintain the diverse origin of the different human races, which have, of course, all the points in common, in which the apes agree with men, besides their unquestioned and far more general likeness as human beings. We would recommend to any victim of the fear just alluded to, of being proved a relative to the orang or gorilla, to inspect the admirable bust of the last-named amiable creature in the Museum at Cambridge. It would be no small gratification to get any advocate of man's simian parentage into that place, and introduce him to his cousin in the hundred-thousandth or millionth degree. It is doubtful if even such a degree would be remote enough to reconcile him to the relationship.



The real distinctions between animals are not those which the anatomist, or even zoölogist, can detect and explain; but those which the eye sees, which the painter is able to represent in form and color; which make the presence of dog evident, whether the animal before you is a shaggy Newfoundland, an English bull-dog, a Scotch terrier, or a lady's silken-fleeced lapdog. After all that has been, or can be, determined by anatomy or physiology, of resemblance between men and monkeys, the great and perfectly obvious fact remains, that one is man, and the other is monkey. The members of the London Anthropological Society may have some excuse for being in doubt on this point. We have not. Even in the Aztec children, so called, who were in fact idiotic dwarfs, the human was evident beyond the remotest possibility of doubt; though it is likely their mental development was inferior to that of many dogs, horses, elephants, and seals, to say nothing of anthropological savans.

One of the favorite arguments of those who hold to man's simian parentage is that derived from a comparison of the skull forms in some of the lower tribes of men with those of the anthropoids; or, as they call it, the ape-like character of the negro cranium. But, in fact, if a series of craniums, beginning from the lowest of the vertebrates and reaching to man, be compared with each other, we shall have a progression of the most gradual kind, till we reach those of the chimpanzees and some of the more highly civilized dogs; but then a wide and unmistakable gap, beyond which come the lowest forms of human skulls, even if we include that godsend to the development theorists, the Neanderthal skull; and then a series of still slighter differences from those to the most towering brows and expanded temples of the sages and geniuses of our race. The proper statement of the fact is, that, among the brains of the lower animals, we can perceive in those of the more intelligent, a slight approximation to the shape of the human brain,—an approximation seeming to correspond very well to what we know of the mental capacities of such animals. The distance from the highest animal brain to the lowest typical human brain is about equal to that which sep-

arates the brain of the rudest savage from that of a Goethe or Humboldt. The former gap is an unbridged gulf: the latter is filled with an infinite series of forms, differing by insensible degrees. Yet the latter is thought enough to prove the savage to be of a different species from the educated and civilized man; while the former, because it is not so wide as it might be, is thought to prove that all men probably originated from the brutes.

Very nearly the same statement represents the fact, if we look at the series of animals, with regard to any line of difference, keeping within that one of the four great types to which man belongs. Everywhere we find the gentlest graduation from one to another, with the single exception of the broad, obvious, unspanned gap that separates man from all the rest. This does not prove man's separate origin; but it creates a strong presumption in favor of the common view, even if the theory of development were firmly established as to all below man, which is far from being the case yet.

In order to create a presumption in favor of those who hold to man's derivation from the lower animals, there should be some instances of apes or other animals so closely resembling man, as to raise a question respecting their true place, whether within or out of human limits. There is no pretence of any such instance. And, on the other side, the lowest specimens of human beings should be such as to leave room to doubt whether they are really human, or only human-like, of which also there is no instance. It has been already stated, that, among the fossil remains of ancient men, there is found nothing of this ambiguous sort. Tyler says, substantially, in his summing up, there is no evidence of any form of human life in the past lower than what now exists among some savage tribes. And if we look at the lowest existing races, after determining, among the conflicting authorities, whether it is Hottentot, Bushman, Australian, Tasmanian, Fuegian, Fejee Islander, sandhiller, clay-eater, or Andamaner, we shall find, in each and all, the multiplied and unquestionable tokens of man's sole and singular supremacy, the obvious elements of the highest arts and culture. The An-

damaners, cut off by insular position from the help of other men, tempted by nature to an easy life, having on the whole the best claim to be put at the foot of the human scale, build huts, construct canoes, have lately learned the use of outriggers, make stone axes, arrows, spears, harpoons, and nets constructed with great neatness and ingenuity, and have some domestic animals; that is, are substantially in the condition of the Russians in the time of Tacitus, and our own ancestors in the time of Julius Cæsar. The Australians have a very complex and artificial social system, the effect of which seems to be to guard against the physical evils of close intermarrying, as well as against the formation of a privileged class. The Hottentots have learned the use and manufacture of iron, and the habits of a pastoral life. And the still more forlorn Bushmen, whose miserable state is largely owing to the persecutions of the Dutch Boers, when not long ago treating of peace with their white neighbors, stipulated, as one condition, that they should have Christian teachers to show them how to live like the converted Hottentots; a proceeding which Dr. Vogt might not think a proof of intelligence, but which is certainly not suggestive of gorilla affinities.

We have no disposition to dogmatize on this point of the origin of our race; we would not disparage our humbler fellow-creatures, who are also God's very good work. If he saw fit to make them the channel of man's entrance on the earth, it was doubtless the best way: we should think no less and no otherwise of our actual nature and position and destiny than we now do; since what we believe on these points does not, in any degree, rest on the supposed form of man's first appearance on earth. But, so far as now appears, there seems to be nothing proved against the old and generally received idea, that God, and not some erratic type of ape, formed man, the physical, of the dust, and breathed into him the breath of life. We incline to think that ere long all these speculations respecting man's origin from apes will appear much as now do Demaillet's far more poetical and amusing fancies of a hundred years ago,—such as that the people of islands came from seals, who gradually accustomed themselves to living out of

the water, and other races from other sorts of animals, — a view which certainly would help to explain some of the phenomena of human life, asinine, vulpine, and otherwise.

We find some of the most earnest advocates of the original unity of the human race among those whose general tone of speculation would lead us to expect the opposite. All who take their cue from Darwin are led, by the exigencies of his theory, to maintain that all men came from one original stock. Darwin believes that the eye, for example, with all its beautiful arrangement of optical and muscular apparatus, is the result of an inconceivably numerous series of variations or adaptations; but it would tax even his almost measureless capacity of believing improbabilities, to assume that two or more independent lines of accidental and innumerable variations should result in the same wonderful and complex structure, the physical man, agreeing in some thousands of particulars of mechanical and functional character: to say nothing of the reduplicated improbability that these two wonderfully coincident physical results should agree also in bringing upon the stage of life a similar unparalleled mental development. Nothing could be a more complete demonstration of creative intelligence and plan, than the existence of several independent lines of human beings, so coincident in physical and mental constitution as to appear presumptively of one species. One, therefore, who regards this question chiefly in its bearing on religious faith, will not be much concerned which way it is settled. When Paul told the Athenians that God had made of one blood all the nations, he may or may not have had the idea of original unity in his mind: but his language implies only a common nature; and this only is essential for his religious purpose. The emphasis of his assertion is on "God hath made," not on "of one blood." Our moral and religious obligations to our fellow-beings do not depend on facts of physical relation, especially any so remote as those pertaining to our and their origin; but on grounds of reason and the instructions of God's revealed word. So that, either theologically or practically, the theory of several original human pairs does not affect our religious ideas adversely.



Scientifically, the decision of the question turns on the force of a great variety of considerations, which affect different minds differently. Of the view of Darwin, resting on theoretic grounds, we need not speak further. Many of the highest authorities on subjects relating to ethnology and anthropology maintain the unity as the most probable inference from the actual phenomena. Of some of their grounds, we shall speak presently.

On the other side, a rabble of grubbers in bone-dust, gravel-pits, and sepulchral caves, materialists, German scientists, all well represented and devoutly indorsed by the London Anthropological Society, are advocates of *polygenesia*, on miscellaneous grounds, including countless measurements of skulls, noses, tibias, and all the bones, cartilages, muscles, and external features of men of different races, not stopping short of the reputed length of heel of the colored tribes; a class of arguments which reaches its extreme of weight and wisdom in Dr. Vogt, when he gravely informs his German hearers, as a scientific fact, that, in the case of the American negro, "the cavity of the foot makes a hole in the ground," giving as his authority a song quoted by Burmeister. We doubt if the author of "Ole Virginny neber tire" ever dreamed his production would come to the dignity of being quoted by two learned Germans, as proof of an anthropological fact.

If we seem to any to treat these views too lightly, we can only say that the treatment accords with our serious estimate of the value of the arguments, as well as of the spirit in which they are generally urged. We believe that all the differences as yet found to exist between the different races of men are so sunk in the far greater resemblances, as well as so shaded away by insensible gradations from one extreme to the other, as to leave this alternative: that all men are descended from one pair; or from several, in the ordering of one superior intelligence, that intended from these several stocks to form one race of essentially similar organization, and capable of uniting in one earthly commonwealth.

We propose to pass, in rapid review, some of the differences which are chiefly relied on as proofs of diversity of origin;

and then, as briefly as possible, array the agreements which indicate a common nature, and therefore a common origin.

The greatness and permanence of the race distinctions, collectively, is the more general and obvious argument for diversity of origin. The answer is, that distinctions are as permanent among those acknowledged to be of one race, as, for example, the features and other traits of the Jews, marking them after many ages of changing position and situation. Moreover, great as the difference between the extremes, as between a Congo negro and a blonde German or Anglo-Saxon, the rule before stated holds true here, that the whole distance is spanned by a series of almost insensible gradations. But more of this will come up appropriately under different points hereafter.

Craniology, in these investigations, assumes a new form, quite unlike our old friend of the times when phrenology prevailed; and arms itself with a cumbrous and hideous terminology, with which we will not burden our reader's vocal or optical organs, especially as it does not come within the scope of this paper to enter into the details of the argument. In general, it is asserted, that the several leading races of mankind are marked by permanent and obvious dissimilarities in the shape and (in a less degree) size of the cranium. The fact is not disputed by any. But the assumed significance of these differences is disproved by the consideration that it is only the typical families of the several races which exhibit the differences in full; while, in every instance, the extreme forms are found to shade away, in almost imperceptible degrees, to what may be called the average form. In each race, some individuals are found with skulls approximating the shape of the other races. In Africa, which affords the favorite subject of these demonstrations, it is only a few of the most degraded tribes which have skulls of the extreme negro type. Thus Dr. Hurd, president of the London Anthropological Society, in an essay on negro characteristics, skulls included, says that he takes the Congo negro as the standard; as if one were to take the coarsest bog-trotters as the standard of Irish character, or the sandhillers, clay-eaters, and snuff-

dippers of the South, as the standard of United States physiological traits. From the Congo negro to the Nubian and the Egyptian, there is a gradual modification. Those who maintain the separate origin of the negro say that the Nubians and Abyssinians, and even Mandingoes, are not negroes; but, in fact, they have the ordinary characteristic of negroes, including some of those most often urged as specific marks, only not in the extreme degree. The shape of the skull changes in the same race. The Nomadic Turks of Asia retain the pyramidal shape of skull which characterizes Nomads; while the Turks of Europe have oval skulls, like the other European nations. The same change has taken place in some of the Tartars, who, having changed residence and habits, have lost the Mongolian, and taken the European or civilized form. Similarly formed skulls are found in races most disconnected historically, where it is reasonable to ascribe the resemblance to the effect of similar habits and circumstances.

The differences in the texture of the hair form one of the most obvious and well-known race marks; yet it is established that the crisp covering of the negro's head is hair, not wool. This peculiarity is found fully developed in some African tribes, who in other respects depart most widely from the coarse negro type, as in some of the nations of Northern Africa, whose language shows them to be of Semitic origin. From observations on the whole population of Africa, it appears plain that the curly or woolly hair is not a mark of race, but the effect of climate. It is said that the people of the oases have certain traits similar to those of islanders. Some speak an Arabic dialect, yet have very black, crisp, woolly hair. The shape of the transverse section of the hair has also been advanced as a race-mark: the curly-haired races show flattened, elliptical sections, others oval, and some nearly or quite circular; but, as the shape is never constant in any race, nor even in the several hairs of the same head, we conceive the argument to have very little, if any weight, especially as what are called the lowest races depart furthest from the circular form, while the hair of several anthropoids has sections circular, or very nearly so.

The complete negro is marked by features of a very peculiar character; yet, in regard to these, as to hair and cranium, the extreme type is of narrow geographical extent, and a gradual amelioration is found from the coarsest to a physiognomy not far from European. There is no place where a line can be drawn, so as to leave even a plausible ground for the assumed diversity of origin of those nearest to the line on each side. The same phenomena are found in other parts of the world. Among tribes, whose dialects prove a common origin, some will be found with an exceedingly coarse type of features, joined with other traits and habits correspondingly low, and others with forms and features closely approximating those of Europeans; and, among the Aryan or Caucasian races, some are marked by coarse and repulsive features, closely approximating those of the lowest savages. In every case, the interval between the extremes is filled by a series of forms, differing only slightly from each other.

It has been formerly held that the color of the negro is due to a distinct membrane in his skin, the seat of the black color, not found in the skin of the white. It has been ascertained that there is no such membrane. The coloring matter in the negro is deposited as it is in certain local and abnormal discolorations of the skin of whites. There is no organic difference. Strictly speaking, no race is black, and none white. Among the so-called white races, some individuals, by habitual protection from the action of wind and light, and by other agencies, have a complexion approaching pure white. But every painter knows the difference; and every one will at once confess it, who conceives the effect of a complexion exactly like that of newly fallen snow. From the nearest approach to white, we see in our own race a graduation by imperceptible degrees to complexions so bronzed and darkened by exposure, hardship, and coarse living, as to resemble very nearly those of the so-called colored races; while it is said that portions of some African tribes, the majority of which are dark or black, by living in mountainous regions, have become changed in complexion to a much lighter tint. So also, among the colored races generally, there is a large



range of color. Some of the tribes of American Indians, in both divisions of the continent, are light colored, nearly like those races that are called white; others, nearly as dark as negroes. These differences generally depend on climate, as one who compares the flaxen-haired, blue-eyed Scandinavian with the swarthy Italian or Spaniard, can readily believe. Among the Mandans, some have blue, some gray, and some hazel eyes, with fair hair. Not a little of the reputed color of many dark races is extraneous, the effect of dirt, smoke, and grease. A traveller on the north-west coast of North America relates, that he persuaded one of the Indian girls to wash her face and neck. The change was quite startling. Her countenance had all the cheerful glow of an English milk-maid, and the healthy red which flushed her cheek was even beautifully contrasted with the whiteness of her neck. Her forehead was so remarkably clear, that the translucent veins were seen meandering even in their minutest branches. There can be no doubt that a selection could be made from the different races, and so arranged that the difference in complexion between any one, and the one next, would be the smallest perceptible, and yet the two extremes be respectively the blackest Guinea negro, and the fairest blonde of a European court. There is no place to draw a line, so that color on the two sides shall serve as a probable, or even plausible, ground of assuming a diversity of origin.

A pamphlet, published two or three years since in New York, with the title "*Miscegenation*," which passed here as only a rather dull political joke, was seriously and sarcastically noticed in the "*Anthropological Review*," as a proof of the course of public opinion in America, under the malign influence of abolitionism. The word is convenient. This subject of the mixture of races is one of the labored points among anthropologists. Those who hold to the diverse origin of human races have the laboring oar. They are obliged to confess that the common rule among all lower animals is, that species will never cross; and if, by external constraint, a cross is effected, the hybrid offspring is, as a general rule, sterile. It is equally undeniable that mixture of races among

men takes place readily everywhere, and that, as a general rule, the offspring is not sterile. They are reduced to attempting to show that fertile hybrids are not *very* rare among animals; and that the cross between those human races which are most unlike, the white and civilized European, and the black and savage negro, produces a race which is inclined to run out. Even this is doubtful. On this point, the argument, which we do not care to pursue, is strongly in favor of the unity of the human race, that is, of its specific unity. This does not necessarily imply its origin from one stock.

It is maintained that the savage races, especially the negroes, are incapable of civilization; and that, when brought into contact and competition with civilized races, they rapidly waste away. The benign relation of master and slave is thought to obviate this tendency, which holds true of the negro when in freedom. Even if this were all true, we hardly see how it would bear on the question; since it can hardly be held, from any facts as yet known, that the capacity of civilization is a specific trait. It is manifested in exceedingly unequal degree among those acknowledged by all to be of one stock, as among the Aryan or Caucasian nations. But the facts of this kind have been exaggerated. In some of the best known cases of the wasting process, it was already in progress when the nations were first known to Europeans, as was true of the Sandwich Islanders, and the Indians of Massachusetts. It is obviously hastened, and sometimes wholly caused, by the violence, cruelty, and vices of the superior races. The instances are more numerous of the ready acceptance of civilization. What we now call savages are essentially like what the Russians were in the time of Tacitus, and the Britons in the time of Julius Cæsar. The Sandwich Islanders, the Cherokees, the Creeks, are instances of at least a partial reception of civilization, as well as Christianity. Among the rudest of savages were the Maories of New Zealand, when first discovered. Now, we are told, they vie with the English in many of their pursuits; are expert riders and breeders of horses; understand perfectly how to make a bargain; erect buildings, cultivate land, and make good roads, far beyond the limits of

the English settlement. Some of them become ship-owners, landlords, and millers; the latter being a favorite occupation. The poorer people make roads, till the ground, tend cattle, build houses and ships, fish for whales, and serve as sailors. They have established packet lines for coastwise trade, which are rather preferred to those managed by Englishmen. What is of more questionable merit, they know how to carry on war, often resort to litigation, and are fond of theological and political discussions. It is said the English even are inclined to forsake their own speech, and adopt that of the natives.

We have thus passed, in brief review, the arguments chiefly relied on by those who assert man's specific diversity,—or that he has originated from separate and dissimilar stocks. We have left only room to glance at the positive argument for the unity of the race.

The first, and we think the most convincing, is the fact that all the races of mankind, when thrown together, recognize each other at once as of their own nature, able to enter into communication with each other, on a ground of common wants, affections, and understanding. No savages have ever yet been discovered so rude as not to appreciate readily the value of some, at least, of the products of more civilized art, and to enter into barter for the possession of them, or to take possession summarily, without any return made, if that seemed easier. The very stories of barbarous ignorance, perplexity and wonder, displayed by savages, at witnessing the works, implements, and methods of civilized men, prove not their distance, but their nearness, in nature. In Tyler's "*Researches*," there is related an amusing instance of this in an account, given by some savages themselves, of their first interview with white men. Some of them were fishing off the coast on a foggy day. They heard a rushing sound near them, as of some vast monster ploughing through the sea. They hastened to land; and there they saw some strange men, who had just landed from a big canoe. These men, by signs, asked them for some of their fish. The Indians gave them some. One of the men carried a stick on his shoulder. A bird was flying over them. The man pointed the stick at the

bird. A great *poh*! The bird fell to the earth. The Indians all died. When they revived, they asked each other which of them was hurt. The white men, by signs, asked for fire. One of the Indians took two sticks, and began to rub them. Then the white men laughed, and one of them put some black dust under some dried grass, and held his stick down to it. Another *poh*! and the grass began to burn. The Indians all died. And so on. Now we venture to say, that, if these Indians had had the most sagacious of dogs with them, these would not have been at all exercised in mind as to the means by which the bird was killed, or the grass made to burn. Though the mental faculties of most savage tribes seem to be destitute of the power of very extended development, yet they quickly catch at those arts of civilized men which are easily understood and acquired, and which have a practical relation to their own actual wants. And if it is urged that the minds of savages seem nearly a blank as to some of the orders of thought which are characteristic of civilized races, it is true also, that, in the very centres of our highest civilization and in the midst of a free Christianity, certain portions of the population fall into a condition nowise higher or wiser than that of savages. There is no question that a population of many thousands exists, continues, perpetuates itself in London, as destitute of all mental culture, of moral perception, and of religious ideas, as Hottentots or Australians. Humanity, in the most civilized lands, differs from that of savage countries, as the surface of the earth in hilly regions from that of plains. Both start from the same level; but, in one, education, religion, wealth, and culture elevate portions above the general level.

We do not insist on speech as an essential distinction between man and the lower animals. But there is in the phenomena of language an argument seemingly little short of demonstration, either that man is one species, or that language has been given to him as a direct inspiration. We are told that there have existed from an early time several families of speech, so distinct in structure as to convince judicious scholars that they never could have come into existence by gradual divergence from one original tongue. This is doubted,



indeed; and it is thought by some that traces of original unity are to be found in all human dialects. But assume the former view to be true, still this difference is only grammatical, while there is logical likeness, or even identity. The Semitic is one of the supposed distinct stocks. The twenty-third Psalm was written in that language. But it is also now written, read, and understood in our speech, of another family of languages. It is to our mind not a foreign thing, but an interpretation of truth, that we feel to be congenial to our own nature. We are brought thus to see, that there is behind the form of speech a native faculty of utterance, in which all men are one. What we call language is only the form in which this human faculty appears. Seemingly, by a necessity, all languages are substantially alike; for they can be translated word for word into each other, which is virtually saying that that which language expresses is the same in all human beings. And, as if to make this more evident, it is found that the deaf and dumb always form a gesture-language, and this substantially alike in all countries; so that while, in their alphabetic talk, the deaf and dumb of different nations are as unable to intercommunicate as those who speak in the usual way, in their native gesture language they are mutually intelligible. It is also found, that savage nations devise similar gesture languages, by which they are able to intercommunicate without a knowledge of each other's spoken dialects. And Tyler gives an instance in which certain savages, being taken to a deaf and dumb asylum, it was found that they and the inmates had no difficulty in understanding each other. This argument seems to us very strong, and the more valuable inasmuch as the identity of nature thus indicated is not physical, but mental and moral identity; that is, identity in what truly constitutes the distinction between man and all his kindred according to the flesh, the animals which, like him, were made of the dust of the earth.

There remains a class of arguments cumulative in their effect, to relate which in detail would far too much lengthen this paper. The identity or similarity of a vast variety of the developments of human nature throughout the world is such

as to create, in our opinion, an overwhelming presumption of specific unity, and to strongly suggest an actual, local, and historical unity. Everywhere we find the traces of an age of stone, in some parts now existing, in others made known only by relics of vast antiquity; but in the similarity of the forms and evident uses of the implements made, as well as of the material used, evidence of one and the same nature in the makers. This resemblance is so great as to render it hardly an extravagance to assert, that to invent and use the axe, for example, is one of the natural traits of man; and the same of bows and arrows, spears, javelins, knives: the same nearly is true of pottery, both as to forms and uses, and most probable method of discovery. A similar resemblance is found among the products of the mind. The legend of Castor and Pollux substantially re-appears in a myth of the natives of Van Diemen's Land. The tradition of a deluge, almost universal, is so marked by similar details as to render very probable a common historical origin. Similar superstitions appear among the most distant and disconnected races; such as the idea which lies at the basis of a large part of man's belief in sorcery, that there is an actual connection between a person and an image of him, so that to burn the image will waste the life of the person it is meant for. Similar fairy stories, legend of Jack and the Bean-stalk, of a Bridge of the Dead, of passing to and fro between earth and the sky, and many others, are found all over the earth. Notwithstanding some stories to the contrary, it is probable no race has ever been discovered that was without the use of fire; and traces of the same are among those relics which have opened to us glimpses of the earliest life of man on the earth. The same methods of producing fire, slightly varied in form, appear to have been discovered and used by all races. Almost equally general have been the two very diverse uses of fire, as a means of cooking, and as a religious emblem, the latter leaving its traces even among us in the habit of illuminating, and building bonfires, on occasions of especial joy.

The community of religious ideas and practices; the universal existence of some law or custom of marriage; the

instinct of dress, shown as distinctly in the conventional impropriety of going with body untattooed among some savages, which is to them as shocking as going unclothed would be with us, or in the well-known dress of an Indian princess, in the story told of N. P. Willis, as in the most elaborate array of a city ball-room; the recognition everywhere of degrees of kindred, and customs founded on it, — these, and many more, mark man as one, physically, intellectually, and morally.

The inference seems to us clear: yet truth requires us to leave the subject with the acknowledgment that the question of the origin of man must still be considered an open one, in both of its branches; but with an equally obvious remark, that, however this question may be settled, the decision will have no controlling effect on our convictions of man's actual position, and of his moral and spiritual destiny, but rather that an origin from lower animals, or from several stocks, will make more imperative our belief in a supernatural origin of his higher and progressive life, as an intellectual and religious being.

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#### ART. VI. — OPEN QUESTIONS IN THEOLOGY.

*Das Christenthum und die Christliche Kirche der drei ersten Jahrhunderte.* Von Dr. FERDINAND CHRISTIAN BAUR, ordentlichem Professor der Theologie an der Universität Tübingen. Zweite, neu durchgearbeitete Ausgabe. Tübingen: Verlag und Druck von L. Fr. Fues. 1860.

NONE have done more than the School of Tübingen to open new questions in regard to Christianity, its history and records. Dr. Baur, with his colleagues and fellow-laborers, Dr. Zeller, Schweigler, and others, have, by force of intellect, learning, and sagacious criticism, compelled the attention of the theological world to fix itself on the main points of their system. It is, indeed, not so much a system as a method; and

methods go deeper, and produce larger results, than systems. The book before us is one of the last published by its industrious and learned author, and is the revised edition of an earlier work. It is not our purpose now to examine its contents, but rather to inquire what those questions are which may properly be considered *open* at the present time.

Perhaps it may be said, however, Are not all questions open? Are there any questions which are closed to inquiry?

No doubt all questions may be *re-opened*; even the most fundamental ones. The proof of the being of God, the evidence of the existence of the soul, the sanction of duty, the grounds of immortality,—these may be re-opened at any time, the argument re-adjusted, its flaws discovered and corrected. Once in a while, it may be necessary to examine the foundations of a house, take out the under-pinning, and replace it with something more substantial. And so in theology. A man does not dig up the foundations of his house every year; nor are we constantly discussing fundamental questions in theology. But, for good reasons, any one of them may be at any time re-opened.

If we hold fast the distinction, which under some form is generally admitted, between religion and theology, no one need be afraid of such radical inquiries. Criticisms in theology by no means imply suspense of faith. The sun did not cease to rise and set, nor the great heavens to fulfil their diurnal motion, until the fundamental question should be decided between Ptolemy and Copernicus. The human heart beats on with unintermittent pulse, no matter what view we may take of the cause of its motion. Nor does a man cease to love and worship God, because it is not decided whether the proof of God's existence is from intuition or experience.

All questions, therefore, in theology may be re-opened; but all are not likely to be re-opened at the same time. About the year 1813, Mr. George B. English attempted to re-open the question between Christianity and Judaism. He published a book in defence of the latter religion, which was answered by Edward Everett in another volume. But Mr. English did not succeed in re-opening this question, any more



than he did in his subsequent attempt to revive the ancient scythe war-chariot. It did not become an open question. Nor have the Mormons succeeded in making the superiority or inferiority of polygamy an open question.

Open questions in theology, therefore, are those in regard to which the community of thought is interested, and about which there is a real and important struggle of opinion. The course of thought itself opens them, not the whim or genius of any individual thinker. They are born, not of flesh nor of the will of man, but of God.

When such questions arise, and find earnest, intelligent men, who differ as to their solution, it seems evident that there is a real problem to be solved, and that the question is not one of words only. The opinions which appear above ground have roots which run below. There is an intellectual motive behind the intellectual statement; and, unless we reach this motive and understand it, we never arrive at any lasting solution of a controversy. The history of opinions deals only with the questions as they appear in conflict above ground: the philosophy of that history reaches to the intellectual motives below.

Take, for example, the controversy which has raged around the doctrine of the Trinity,—never ending, still beginning. Why is it never settled? Because no statement has thus far been found large enough to meet and satisfy the antagonist tendencies, the deeply rooted convictions which lie back of all that appears in the public discussion. What we see is a conflict of texts. One party maintains that the Scripture asserts that God is in some sense three; the other maintains as stoutly that he is declared to be only one. Each party supposes that it is influenced wholly by the authority of these passages of Scripture. But there is a religious interest on both sides, for the sake of which these texts are called into court. The position is already taken; and the Scripture passages are brought from afar, and piled up as breastworks to maintain it. It is in consequence of a religious interest, not yet satisfied by any definition made either by Trinitarians on the one hand, or by Unitarians on the other, that this has remained an

open question for fifteen hundred years. The doctrine of the Trinity stands for the idea of God, revealing himself variously in history and in the human soul. Christianity differed from Judaism by teaching God in the world, instead of God outside of the world. It taught that God was not only above all, but also through all, and within us all. It is the doctrine of Immanuel, or God with us. God did not merely *send* Jesus, as he sent the prophets, but he came himself in him. This is the doctrine of the incarnation, or the deity of Christ. But God is not merely with us in Christ: he is also around us in nature, also within us in the depths of the soul. Hence the Trinity, which is the assertion of the presence of God around us in nature, with us in Christ, within us by his Spirit. The doctrine of the Trinity was an unsuccessful attempt to harmonize a threefold religious interest,—that of a natural religion, which wishes to recognize the presence of God in nature; that of Christian belief, which loves to look at God in the face of Jesus; and the universal mystical and interior longing to find God in our own soul. An unsuccessful attempt, because unsatisfactory to another religious interest, as profound and universal,—the longing for central unity. The mind loves variety, but needs unity. The Church statement of the Trinity has never satisfied this demand; and hence Unitarianism has existed in the Church as a permanent protest, and will continue until some larger generalization is reached, satisfactory to both tendencies.

Another question, more philosophical than this, and yet having roots which underrun the whole domain of theology, is the great open question between intuition and experience as sources of human knowledge.

How do we know the existence of God, duty, and immortality? The answers have always assumed a twofold form. One answer says, We know them by intuition: the other, We know them by experience.

Plato (who is thought by some modern thinkers to have arrived at no definite results in his philosophy) separated himself on one side from the Eleatic philosophy; and, on the other side, from the Atomic philosophy, by teaching that God is the

One in All, and thus occupied the same position with the Apostle Paul. The Eleatics tended to a simple unity, which, absorbing every thing in God, resulted in Pantheism, and made revelation impossible. The Atomic philosophy, beginning with multiplicity, and losing unity in variety, resulted in a Naturalism, in which there is no knowledge of Being, but only of phenomena and appearance. But Plato taught unity and variety, substance and manifestation, Being revealing itself in Life. Plato differed from Socrates in this, that while Socrates began with a knowledge of ourselves, and thence inferred God and nature,—Plato began with God, and inferred nature and man. And in this, again, the doctrine of Plato resembles that of Christianity. The New Testament *assumes* the being of God, and does not undertake to prove it. It assumes the existence of the sense of duty and immortality, and does not try to prove either one or the other. But it could not do this, if the human mind did not possess instinctive conceptions of God, duty, and immortality. Even Cicero, whose mind tended rather to diversity than unity, declares it to be an innate opinion that there are gods;\* and Aristotle taught the existence of “first truths which produce faith by themselves, and not by means of any thing else.”†

But, while many thinkers in all ages have considered the mind of man so made by God as to see certain truths necessarily and universally, there have always been some acute intellects that regard human reason as empty before experience. All knowledge, they say, comes from without; none, from within. The human mind is a sheet of white paper, upon which the external world writes all the knowledge it possesses. Such an opinion was that of Locke, who maintained that there was nothing in the understanding which did not come through the senses. But since the senses only teach the existence of things, and cannot show their necessity or universality, these two ideas had to be relinquished by the

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\* “Omnibus enim innatum est, et in animo quasi insculptum, esse Deos.”—*De Naturâ Deorum*, ii. 4.

† *Topic.*, i. 1.

followers of Locke, which caused their systems to tend toward pure materialism. The doctrine of Locke had many opposers, and among them John Norris, Robert Greene, Shaftésbury, Price, Samuel Clarke, but especially Leibnitz. This great man, the founder of modern philosophy, declared the existence of truths whose necessity was so absolute, that they could not be disproved even by a miracle. He maintained that all immediate knowledge is derived from certain primitive truths of reason or experience. Both are immediately certain, and need no further proof; since in the one case the mind comes into contact with its object, and in the other the subject comes in contact with its predicate.

The whole modern philosophy of Germany which derives from Kant, is of the school of Leibnitz. It believes in ideas. It teaches that we know abstract universal truth better than we know the outward world. And associated with this German school is that which in France began with Royer-Collard and Victor Cousin. But in England the prevailing philosophy, under the lead of such writers as Herbert Spencer and John Stuart Mill, tends more strongly than ever to pure sensationalism. It is the revival of the atomic philosophy, in which every thing which exists is phenomenal. The universe is a boundless variety, from which the great unities have disappeared. All knowledge comes through the senses. But, since it is evident that the mind does contain necessary and universal ideas, the usual explanation of these is, that they come through the law of association. This law is, that there is a certain adhesive power in notions; and the oftener they come together, the more firmly they stick, until at last they cannot be pulled apart by any force. This, it is supposed, accounts for the origin of such ideas as cause and effect, time and space, the finite and infinite, right and wrong.

This, therefore, is one of the open questions in theology. It lies at the foundation of every thing. Can there be a more fundamental question in theology than this,—How do we know the existence of God? Sir William Hamilton and Mr. Mansel tell us, that we do not and cannot know God at all; and this is called Orthodox doctrine. We do not know; we



merely take for granted. Surely this is not the last word in theology. Surely the mystics of all time are better philosophers, when they assert not only a knowledge of God by the soul, but an absolute partaking of the divine nature. For religious purposes it is not enough to believe that God exists, but that we can never know him. For our knowledge of him is our life. In order to lead religious and humane lives, we must know God at least as well as we know the world around us; we must know him as nearly and as intimately as we know each other; we must see by some intuition of the soul, his eternal power and godhead, his holiness and love, as plainly as we see form and color, hear music and human speech, feel the breath of air and the sweetness of sunshine. The only philosophy worthy of its name will be that which shall legitimate to the intellect what every religious man knows in his heart. Till that philosophy appears, nothing of Comte, Spencer, or Mill, can be more than provisional.

Another open question regards the distinction between the natural and supernatural. The old theology made a deep and broad distinction between natural religion and revealed religion. All the religions of the earth, except the Christian and the Jewish, were only vague and blind gropings after God; resulting, for the most part, in miserable idolatries. Revelation was necessary, because nature was a failure. No way to God was open through heathenism or deism. The final result was, that God has not revealed himself in nature or the soul, but only in Moses and Christ.

This was not the original Christian doctrine. For not only does the New Testament speak of "the light which lightens every man coming into the world," and of those who "do by nature the deeds of the law;" not only does it say that "God never left himself without witness in the world," and that "his eternal power and deity are clearly seen in the things that are made;" but the early church-fathers also taught revelations outside of Judaism and Christianity. Thus John of Damascus (who in this represents the orthodox Greek fathers) teaches that the knowledge of the being of God is sown by him in the nature of man. Clemens of Alexandria

compares God to the husbandman in the parable, who sows good seed from the beginning of the world in all men's hearts; though Justin holds that this seed fell only in a sporadic way among the heathen. All good men they held to be inspired by the Logos. So, too, the Latin fathers believed in a knowledge of God communicated to all mankind. Tertullian, writing against Marcion, says that those who never knew Moses, yet knew the God of Moses, and had a knowledge of God which is his own gift to every soul, and which did not come from the Mosaic books. For, says he, "the soul is older than prophecy; and the knowledge of God was from the beginning the marriage-gift to the soul." \*

With Augustine began the doctrine of modern Orthodoxy, which makes such a sharp distinction between the natural and supernatural. It comes logically from his doctrine of original sin. Some glimmerings, indeed, of divine light are admitted to exist in the human soul; but they are not sufficient to lead to God. Calvin, indeed, maintains † that the idea of God is indelibly impressed on the minds of men, self-taught, from birth; and also that the universe, in its exact symmetry, is a mirror which reflects God. He adds: ‡ "I confess, indeed, that the expression that 'Nature is God' may be used in a pious sense by a pious mind." But the revelation in Scripture is absolutely necessary on account of the ignorance and wickedness of men. Even the Socinians made the sharpest distinction between natural and revealed religion, and declared all knowledge of God to come from the latter source.

So, too, we may say that the liberal divines in the Church of England, in the last century, all taught the same doctrine; making it the distinction of revelation, that it taught with authority, being backed by miracles. Supernatural revelation was found necessary, because natural religion had proved a failure; and the difference between natural and revealed

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\* "Ante anima, quam prophetia. Animæ enim a primordio conscientia Dei dos est."

† Institutes, book i.

‡ *Id.*, book i. chap. 5.

religion lay almost wholly in the miracles. Natural religion was like a deed drawn up correctly, but not properly signed and sealed. Revealed religion is the same deed, with the seal of miracles upon it, which authenticates it as coming from God. This is the whole of Paley's argument. He says, in the "Preparatory Considerations" to the Evidences: "In what way can a revelation be made but by miracles? In none which we are able to conceive." Thus the whole proof of Christianity was made, at last, to depend upon miracles, considered as arbitrary violations of the laws of nature. This was the doctrine of Andrews Norton, and even of Dr. Channing; though the latter attributed such a spiritual character to the human soul.

But, of late, the tendency of thought is to obliterate this sharp dividing-line between the natural and the supernatural. The doctrine of the universality of law seems, at first, to make any broad distinction impossible. If all things come by law, then revelation is also by law, and is therefore a part of nature. If the supernatural denotes that which is above law, proceeding from isolated acts of the Divine Will, then there is no supernatural; for it is impossible that there should be any thing thus arbitrary. Consequently Judaism and Christianity are both regarded, by many thinkers, as natural developments of human knowledge. Christ himself belongs to the same category with Pythagoras and Socrates, and is distinguished from them in the degree, and not the kind, of his inspiration. This is the view taken by Emerson and Parker and their followers in this country, and by the same school in France, Germany, and England; and this tendency of thought seems on the increase.

The only serious attempt to maintain the distinction between the natural and supernatural, but to maintain it on a higher ground, is that taken by Dr. Bushnell, in his work on *Nature and the Supernatural*. He rejects at once the old definition of a miracle, saying,\* "We define miracles to be suspensions of the laws of nature, and make it impossible,

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\* Preface, p. 5.

*gratis*, from that time forth, to offer an argument for them which any bravely rational person, or mind well grounded in science, can ever be expected to admit." He declares the supernatural to be also subject to fixed laws. He distinguishes between the natural and supernatural thus, — that nature is the chain of cause and effect; the supernatural, that which acts on the chain of cause and effect\* from without. The supernatural is causing, but not caused. All freedom is supernatural; and man, so far as he acts freely, acts supernaturally. Thus the whole proof of the distinction between the natural and supernatural rests on the fact of human freedom. If man is really free, God also must be free. If God is free, he is a present Creator, — sending new impulses into nature from above nature. These impulses are not, on the one hand, interferences with the existing order, therefore not violations of law; but, on the other hand, they are not a part of that existing order, but additions to it, and the commencement of new series of laws.

This seems to us the only tenable ground for any real distinction between the natural and supernatural. It is not only tenable ground, but that which must finally be taken by all who admit freedom and believe in spirit. If human freedom be more than a delusion, man is a cause as well as an effect. If a cause, he creates something absolutely new by every act of freedom. What is thus created is not the result of any thing before existing, — is not, therefore, a part of nature, but is supernatural. But every argument which proves the existence of God must show him to possess all that is in man. Hence God is also free. Hence he acts supernaturally in creating new series, no less than naturally in continuing the old series.\*

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\* This view of the supernatural and natural, taken by Dr. Bushnell, reminds us of that long ago expressed by the great philosopher of the ninth century, Scotus Erigena. In his principal work (*περὶ φύσεως μερισμοῦ*), he says that Nature is the object of all knowledge, and is divided into a fourfold order of existences, — namely, 1. That which creates, and is not created, or God; 2. That which is created and creates, or all finite moral natures made in God's image; 3. That which is created, and does not create, or all existences devoid of freedom; 4. That



Another class of questions which must now be considered as open contains those which refer to the Scriptures, — their genuineness, authenticity, and inspiration. These questions, having been entertained, must be thoroughly discussed until they are settled on some satisfactory ground. Those who have been accustomed to reverence the Scriptures — to regard them as a whole, every part equally venerable — to rest their faith implicitly on the received texts and the common version — will no doubt feel troubled with the sweeping and merciless criticism to which they are subject. Much of this criticism, indeed, seems reckless and superficial. The rage for destruction has possessed many well-meaning but shallow minds, to whom every doubt or difficulty, which happens to suggest itself, appears unanswerable. Nevertheless, whatever is true in these assaults does not reach the essence of the Scriptures, but only our theories concerning them. When the United States batteries opened on Fort Sumter, they soon reduced the solid walls to a heap of ruins. But the ruins were found to be a better fortification than the original structure. So, when the assaults of destructive criticism have laid low our special theories of inspiration, and our received arguments for authenticity, it may be found that the Scriptures rest on a more solid foundation than before.

Take, for example, the recent assaults upon the Gospel of John by the school of Tübingen and its followers in England and America. Asserting that this Gospel was not written till the second century, and by some one out of the circle of the first disciples, these critics proceed to justify this assertion by showing how uncertain are the references to the fourth Gospel before the middle of the second century; by pointing out contradictions between this Gospel and the Synoptics; and by asserting that the discourses in this Gospel are purely subjective, and cannot be considered as accurate reports of the words of Jesus. The whole style of this criticism is, no doubt, cold-blooded. It is as though one should write to you

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which is neither created nor creates. This last, one would suppose, must mean *evil*; for God did not create it, nor has evil any creative power.

a cheerful letter,—telling you, with much apparent self-satisfaction, that he had discovered that your father was an impostor, and your brother a thief; and should be much surprised, and a little hurt, that you hesitate to take his word for it. For, says De Wette, “a critical conclusion which denies to the Apostle John all share in this Gospel, and declares the same to be of later origin, involves the odious but inevitable confession that the author was a forger.” But, if a forger and impostor, then the deepest truths the world has known proceed from the mouth of a liar; then the holiest image of the Son of God and Son of Man is no reality, but the fiction of some idle imagination; then they are all inventions,—those passages which have been the light and comfort of the world. The marriage at Cana, inaugurating a cheerful religion in contrast to all asceticism; the talk with Nicodemus, which sets aside the religion of form, compared with that of the spirit; the talk with the woman of Samaria, which substitutes for all local religions the worship of the Father in spirit and in truth; the conversations with the Jews, in which the relation of Father and Son is made the substance of piety; the story of Lazarus; the washing the disciples’ feet; those last tender conversations with his disciples; and the prayer in the seventeenth chapter, the most sublime utterance that ever came from the lips of man,—all of these have no more basis in reality than the story of “Robinson Crusoe” or “Uncle Tom.” We are asked to give up our faith that these remembrances of Christ came from one who knew him and loved him; we are asked to believe that Christians, one hundred years after Christ, accepted, as coming from the Apostle John, an invention of their own day; and we are invited to accept this astounding result of criticism chiefly on negative grounds,—because there is no distinct trace of the Gospel in the Apostolic Fathers.

All this is uncomfortable; but it is no reason why the inquiry should be disencouraged or forbidden. However it results, it will result in some deeper insight of Christianity and truth. The school of Tübingen will not have labored in vain. Men of genius and learning, thoroughly sincere in seeking

truth, they have studied the subject from a new point of view, and so seen many things which have not before been noticed. The questions raised by them are also open questions. A great deal of their labor will be wasted. But, when this flood of negative criticism has passed by, it will be found to have swept away many old buttresses and outworks erected in defence of Christianity by past theologies; while it will have left standing the ancient, everlasting foundations. It will be found, that our belief in Scripture really rests, not on the results of positive or negative criticism, but on the testimony of the Spirit and the testimony of the universal Church. The Church of to-day receives the Scriptures from the Church of yesterday, and, finding them to be good, transmits them to the Church of to-morrow. So the Church of the second century received the Scriptures from the Church of the first century, and, finding them good, transmitted them to that of the third. Thus the cord which binds us to Christ consists of these two strands,—historic tradition and immediate inspiration. If either fails, the cord snaps. If tradition failed, we should not receive the Scripture from the past: if inspiration failed, we should not transmit it to the future. The proof of tradition is, that these Scriptures, just as they are, have been received from the past by the present. The proof of inspiration is, that the present loves them so well that it transmits them to the future. "The spirit of truth which proceeds from the Father," says Jesus, "shall testify of me; and ye also shall bear witness, because ye have been with me from the beginning."

And, as regards the substance of Christianity, all the doctrinal questions, with a few exceptions, which have been opened by theology from the beginning, remain open still. The great question, indeed, which agitated all Christian antiquity in regard to the work of Christ done in Hades, seems to have long since passed out of sight. A little scrap in the Apostolic Creed is the only fossil left to us of that immense discussion. The doctrine of an Atonement made by Christ *to the Devil*, by his death—orthodox for a thousand years—is now nearly forgotten. But the doctrines of the Trinity

and Incarnation, Original Sin, Total Depravity, Salvation by Christ, Regeneration, remain unsettled and open still. No definition, no statement, has been found large enough to satisfy the mind of the Church with respect to any one of them.

These are all open questions; and not the less because every age, sect, and party have tried to close them. Orthodox dogmatists and heretical dogmatists have alternately considered themselves as giving the final unanswerable argument for or against these ideas. One conviction, however, has been gradually emerging from this conflict of opinion,—that, namely, which was declared by Paul in the thirteenth chapter of first Corinthians; that no intellectual statement of a truth is, or can be, final. Whatever knowledge we have concerning Christian doctrine will vanish away; because all knowledge is partial, and therefore a limitation. All dogmatism, bigotry, and intolerance have come from the ignorance of this distinction between truth in itself and our knowledge of it; between religion and theology; between faith and belief; between Christ in the heart, and opinions in the head about him. So long as salvation was thought to depend on a particular view in theology, there could be no free criticism or discussion of such a doctrine, either by its friends or foes. Some satisfactory statement will be reached only when the friends and opponents of a doctrine, looking at it from both sides, unite their efforts to formulate it anew.

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#### ART. VII.—FROUDE'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

*History of England, from the Fall of Wolsey to the Death of Elizabeth.* Eight vols. 8vo. London: 1858–1863. New York: 4 vols. 1865.

“HAVE you dined with Fouché?” This was the oracular question which one hanger-on at the Congress of Vienna put to another. And he, poor man, addressed,—who had, before,



thought himself so situated as to know something of affairs, — was obliged to confess that he had not. "You can know nothing about it," was the bold statement then made to him, "you can know nothing about it, unless you have dined with Fouché."

All of us have found ourselves engaged in discussions of contemporary history with some such high authority. The hackneyed quotation, "As for history, I know that that is false," sprang from a kindred consciousness of what is of course true, that, in the conduct of affairs where at the moment utter secrecy is required for success, secrets are often so well kept that they are kept for ever. Because this is so, every person who gets behind the curtain at all, exaggerates the special value of the little hole through which he peeps upon the passage of events. If a man has discovered a unique pamphlet, or has unearthed some boxes of his great-grandfather's letters, or has lounged at a watering-place with some communicative old wire-puller of a generation gone by, or has made personal acquaintance with the orderly of some successful general, — if, in short, he has dined with any Fouché of his time, he overrates the value of the "broken lights," which he has gained for history, and, if he is a man of genius, presents history to us in a form so new as to be startling.

Within the present generation, there have been a good many illustrations of this tendency in the historical literature of England. The herculean work of the Record Commission has resulted in placing the State papers of Great Britain in admirable order, with full series of indexes, so carefully edited as to be in themselves historical works of great value, and with a body of Heads of Department so fully trained, each in his special branch of research, that they may be regarded as very high authorities in matters of history. Having thus got the materials of history for a thousand years ready for use, the English government, with most intelligent liberality, throws open this collection to the study of all persons who are really interested in historical research. There one may sit for years if he will, and read the private correspondence

or the most secret despatches of Elizabeth, of Cecil, of Walsingham, of Raleigh, or of anybody else, from Egbert down to William the Third, who knew how to write, and who left a scrap of paper or of parchment in any cabinet or closet of any palace or bureau of the English court within a thousand years. Now, to all transactions there is an inside view and an outside view. The inside view of the planet Mars makes him go to the left, while, to the outside view of a person standing in Jupiter, Mars goes to the right; and it happens particularly often in the affairs of governments, that the inside view which is taken by those who direct those affairs is widely different from the outside view which is taken by the Pepyses, the Halls, the Holinsheds, the newspapers, and other ill-informed gossips of the times. When General Burnside took his newly recruited Ninth Corps across the Potomac last year, to assist in the battles of the Wilderness, the newspaper quid-nuncs and military *dilletanti* assured us that his movement was languid and slow. We have now the "inside view" of the commander-in-chief, who says it was made with a remarkable and commendable degree of rapidity. This is a convenient illustration of the discrepancies which will always be found between the inside and outside views of history. In days when diplomacy, and what they called Statecraft, were among the mysterious sciences, so that the very word "secretary" was coined to show that an officer of State was keeping secrets always, when the people was regarded as so nearly "cursed," that all knowledge of affairs was to be kept from them as much as possible, such discrepancies were much more considerable than they are now. So it happens that, as Lingard and Froude and Dixon and Macaulay are turned into this uncropped pasture of historical memorial, the first-fruits which they single out for the public amazement being quite dissimilar from any thing which people had tasted before, — the historians themselves, as we have said, being well disposed to state, to the very full, the value of their new discoveries, — they produce new digests of history which so far leave out what was known before, and state so fully what is just now learned, that an indignant world declares that all

its villains have been whitewashed, while the most spotless of its household gods are smooched into blackamoors.

As remarkable an instance as any of this indignation or surprise of the readers of English literature has been the feeling aroused by Mr. Froude's study of Henry the Eighth and the Reformation. The popular verdict on the book, perhaps, has been that it is an advocate's ingenious attempt to "whitewash" the character of Henry, which had been finally set down as hopelessly depraved. It is probable that in England some personal prejudice regarding Mr. Froude as a student, understood to have swung up to the very pale of the Catholic Church, to have looked over it upon her mysteries, and then to have recoiled in horror to the other extreme of the pendulum of opinion, may have had a good deal to do with the popular verdict upon his history. Lest the real appreciation of the book should be hindered by any such temporary or local prejudices, we propose to examine, for a moment, the grounds of general opinion regarding the history of the English Reformation, at the time when Mr. Froude made to it this very valuable contribution.

Let it be remembered, then, that the period when aversion to the Church of Rome first showed itself in England, and the subsequent period of the revolution which took place in Henry's reign, passed wholly by, quite before our present habits of printing and reading were formed. No such thing was known as our modern pamphlet, or even the older broadside, — far less as our modern newspaper, giving from day to day to all readers such expositions as may be possible of fact or opinion. Public opinion formed itself almost wholly on what men heard: it was only in the most indirect manner sustained on any thing written or read. Indeed, so few people could read, that the multitude of hearers had much greater weight, in comparison with the little battalion of readers, than in the world of to-day. Now, we do not dwell on the proverbial inaccuracy of statements repeated, at second hand, which have been received by word of mouth. Inaccurate or not, the world must take the inconveniences of such transmission of information as well as it can, till we are

promoted into that higher sphere of being, described by Edward Search, in which one sensorium receives, by contact, the impressions of another, without the medium of words. We have rather to observe, that when men receive intelligence by oral transmission through many persons, certain picturesque and emblematic incidents of history receive a disproportionate share of attention. Because specially fit for language, they are easily remembered, dramatically told, and therefore more frequently repeated again. This is probably the reason why the lays or ballads of the earliest times outlive all their more recondite history; and, to take instances in later time, it would not be too much, perhaps, to say that the popular idea of the first winter of the Pilgrims at Plymouth is summed up in the picture of their all stepping on the forefathers' rock, and that the popular impression of the battle of Bunker Hill centres on Putnam's speech about "the whites of their eyes." That exciting despatch which was carried like a fiery cross from Massachusetts to Georgia, starting the day after the battle of Lexington, was, as it happens, verbally untrue in every particular; but it was a series of striking pictures, such as had passed most readily from man to man, as the news of the outbreak passed from the scene of it to Hartford, where the despatch was first put in writing. All these instances belong to the general law, under which parable or inventive example becomes the method of statement best fitted to keep essential growths in the memory of a people who do not read.

History, then, when it is written on the outside view of such materials as are in the possession of the generality of well-informed people, in a period when few public documents come to light, becomes picturesque and dramatic. It centres around a few striking incidents, pictures a few important characters as if they were the only characters upon the stage, and leaves us with a wild feeling that things were done under very different laws from those which regulate them now. In a word, it drifts steadily into romance. Such impressions once given, indolent authors take it as they find it, make the picturesqueness more pictorial, overstate the things that



please them, gradually leave out what they think dull, and reduce the history of a reign to a few anecdotes, which in time become hackneyed. So Hume gives as much space to the story of the Countess of Salisbury's garter, as he does to the Black Death which took off a quarter part of the population of England in the same reign; and, in telling the story of this pestilence, does not make the slightest allusion to the social revolutions, dependent on sudden changes of property, of which it appears to have been an immediate cause.

The history of the English Reformation, told dramatically in this condensed and more picturesque fashion, amounts popularly to this: That, when Henry VII. died, England was a true Catholic country, in close alliance indeed, by the marriage of the new king, to Spain, the most Catholic country in the world; that this state of things lasted some years, till Henry fell in love with Anne Boleyn, —

"When gospel truth shone forth from Bullen's eyes;"

that, in order to marry her, he divorced Catherine; that, because the Pope refused to divorce her, he made himself head of the English Church in the Pope's place; that he tired of his new favorite as soon as he won her, and cut off her head to make room for another. We should hardly exaggerate general ignorance and indifference, if we said that popularly Henry is believed to have cut off the heads of six queens in succession, his story being so far confounded with that of Blue Beard. At last he dies. The popular impression of history then makes his son "the sixth Edward" come to the throne of a Protestant country, which has been converted from its allegiance to the old ritual and faith, by this series of licentious cruelties. As for any critical decision as to right or wrong, in the midst of the tragedies thus brought in at the end of so many acts of this bloody opera, — one judgment is passed on all the actors. Henry was all wrong, and Anne Boleyn was wrong; Jane Seymour and Catherine Howard are thrown in with the rest; even poor Anne of Cleves and Catherine Parr have their skirts bedraggled in the

same mud of opinion,—which is certainly any thing but history.

The origin of this incoherency, inconsistency, and indifference, may be found in the controversy of the reigns which followed Henry. It was the interest of every Roman Catholic author to defame the mother of Elizabeth,—and, of course, her father. Yet Henry had not gone so far himself in any of the paths which the reformers of the next generation followed, as to gain among them any allies. He was fair game for every one, Catholic or Puritan, who held any extreme opinions; and, if he were defended good-naturedly by those who represented the medium of opinion, it was with that languid defence with which people, who are not special partisans, are too apt to ruin the cause of their favorites.

All this time, it was almost impossible, in the nature of the case, that the king's view of the successive transactions of his reign should be presented to the world. For it could hardly be said that an occasional public manifesto reflected with precision the private feeling of the king. So it came about, in the course of years, that King Henry was reputed to have had no views at all; but rather to follow, through forty years of absolute despotism, the most wayward dictates of licentious passion, in which he was himself followed blindly by the great body of the clergy and of the people of England.

The languid indifference which we have tried to describe as to whether Henry had any character, may be said to have degenerated in Hume's work to that lowest depth of scepticism which doubts whether there is any truth. With Hume, always, the advocates of the Roman Church are so many superstitious bigots, and all reformers are so many crazy fanatics. Everybody, acting under whatever circumstances, is supposed to do wrong, and to do so intentionally. History, written under such inspiration, by one of the most indolent of men, in the most attractive style of narrative, found fit audience in the different ranks of the upper classes of England in the last century, who certainly seem to have managed their own affairs, both of Church and State, with as little refer-

ence to fundamental principles as has any ruling class in modern times. The result of such general indifference as this which we have tried to describe, has been that Henry VIII., who, for a century after his own time, would have been called the most distinguished monarch of his age, and certainly the greatest king England had ever known, had sunk in the general estimation of the descendants of his own subjects to be regarded as one of the weakest, meanest, and worst of men; and, by an immediate consequence, that Queen Elizabeth though every new investigation brought out more flaws in her character, carried off all honors, as the head of the English Reformation, and indeed as the first sovereign of modern England.

In such a state was general opinion,—we might add perhaps the opinion of scholars,—when the State Paper Office of England was first thrown open about a generation ago. We could hardly find in literature expressions of contempt more brutal than Cobbett, writing about that time, uses of Henry. This is perhaps a matter of course with Cobbett; but it is a little surprising to find the same virulent tone in the *Pictorial History*. “The tyrant” is the name familiarly applied to him; and in every one of the questions of policy which he had to decide, certainly difficult enough, he is spoken of as acting from the worst motives, with entire inconsistency, and with a sort of petty selfishness in maintaining his “horrid tyranny.” We may say in passing, that, although the author of the *Pictorial History* constantly refers to the “State Papers” as his most valuable guide, there is but little that can be called original in his study of the reign, which is but an exaggeration of the severest attacks made upon the king by earlier writers.

Dr. Lingard seems to us to have made a more careful use of the documents thrown open by the Record Commission. Though we do not understand that he has himself studied many of the unpublished manuscripts, he has used with diligence the various collections which were printed in the thirty years preceding his death. The last edition of his history, published in London in 1849, and reprinted in Boston

in 1852, contains his last study of the subject. In other parts of Lingard's history, he draws a good deal of curious information from manuscripts which he was permitted to inspect in the archives of the Vatican; but we have not observed, that, in regard to the very critical business of the divorce, the Roman authorities have permitted him to learn any thing which is not known to the world. It is hard to say of so laborious and diligent a workman as Dr. Lingard, that he is intentionally unfair; but a Roman Catholic clergyman cannot write the history of the English Reformation without prejudice, and Dr. Lingard uses, not unwillingly, the habit of speech about Henry which he found in fashion when he began to write. He thus falls into the most fatal error for an historian, that of supplying motives for people, whose motives he does not know. For instance, he describes the execution of Catherine Howard as due to the fact that the Reformers were her enemies, considering the whole transaction the result of a plot among them; yet, in a foot-note, he acknowledges that there is no direct evidence of such a plot, and indeed that his only authority for it is that he finds it "difficult to resist the suspicion." In this particular case, that suspicion is already, no doubt, completely dispelled. In any case, it is grossly unjust for a writer of history to carry on a long theory of a supposed transaction, and state it as the truth, because he finds it "difficult to resist the suspicion" that things may have been what he says they were.

Such, very briefly stated, was the position of published opinion with regard to Henry VIII. when Mr. Froude began on his enterprise. Again and again he says, that, when he entered upon this inquiry, he had no idea that he should arrive at different conclusions from those which we have attempted to describe as the average opinions of his time. But, if we rightly gather the facts from the results of his study, he began with the feeling that the written histories were peculiarly superficial. In this feeling he was undoubtedly right. He went to his great work, therefore, not in the regions of what was already known, but in the regions of what was not known. He did not satisfy himself with the printed



State Papers, Acts, Journals, and the rest, but worked, it must have been for years, among the manuscripts themselves, which had not seen the light perhaps since they were first filed away, but which are now revealed in the matchless collections of the State Paper Office. The *Baga de Secretis*, the private letters of the most private agents, the little marginal notes of the king himself, and the host of minor transactions about which history is careless, but which exhibit character even more truly than affairs of State,—all gave up their mysteries as he worked on. It is easy to say that he is prejudiced in favor of his own discoveries; but it is impossible to deny that he has access to a body of authority such as no historian had before, and that this is precisely the authority which every candid historian would have desired. We meet instance upon instance in Lingard, and in the Pictorial History, where the authors admit that there is a mystery which cannot be solved, but where a reference to Mr. Froude shows, that, with the keys in his hand, he has solved it completely; and we speak of these only as his latest distinguished predecessors.

The estimate of Henry's character at which this author arrives in such inquiries, will be found in the close of the fourth volume. Henry was inconsistent, says Mr. Froude; but he can bear the reproach of it. He considers that he acted with that honest inconsistency which distinguishes the conduct of most men of practical ability in times of change, and even by virtue of which they obtain their success. As the nation moved, the king moved leading it, but not outrunning it. The king was not converted by a sudden miracle; his eyes opened but slowly; and, had he obtained for himself the modern principles of toleration, he could not have governed by them a nation which was itself intolerant. But, of all Englishmen who shared his faith, Mr. Froude thinks that there was not one so little desirous as he of enforcing that faith by violence. As for the charge of tyranny, Mr. Froude reminds us that it was by the power which Henry forced upon the House of Commons that he interwove it with the business of the State, so that the peers sunk to be their shadow.

And, as for licentiousness and indolence, he seems to prove that, as the king's life advanced, the whole energy of his intellect was pressed into the business of the Commonwealth; while he brings together a weight of authority, which seems to us a preponderating weight, to show that his temperament was cold, and perhaps calculating, rather than ardent and profligate.

We do not even enter into the very fascinating argument as to whether Mr. Froude is right or wrong in these conclusions. We have only to say, that no person has a right to enter into that argument till he has read his book. It is not one of those cases where an exhaustive, previous knowledge of the subject gives a man a dispensation from attending to some trifling novelty of the hour. Here is entirely new material, drawn out from unquestioned archives of the age; and, for the first time for three hundred years, we are able to take the view of affairs which Henry himself took, and hear the justification made for him in advance by the events themselves, in which he acted. If it happen that this brings us to a series of opinions regarding him, which are, on the whole, the same with which men regarded him in the first and second generations after his death, it will be for those who adopt another opinion to say how they are to set aside the documents and the arguments which Henry's good fortune has at last brought into the field. They must not pretend that these are too trivial for examination.

The new American reprint has now reached the fourth volume, which closes with Henry's death. Mr. Froude has published four volumes more in England, covering the reigns of Edward and of Mary, and entering upon the discussion of that of Elizabeth; but it will require several additional volumes to carry the history to her death. It will be readily seen, that a view so new as his, as to the tenor of Henry's reign, places in a new light all the events which follow it. According to him, Henry is the first English sovereign who consciously interposed in the regulation of the politics of the continent, and was, in some regards, a controlling power in the contests between Francis, Charles V., and the German elect-

ors. According to him, the English nation, being determined not to fall back into the anarchy of the wars of the Roses, regarded the divorce of Queen Catherine, that the king might have male issue, as the most important pre-requisite of all after prosperity. According to him, freedom of inquiry in matters of religion was so completely established in England when Henry's reign began, that a complete religious change was as certain as that daylight will follow dawn. According to him, and to proofs that cannot be escaped which he adduces, the Roman clergy in England, when that reign began, had, as a class, almost completely forfeited the respect by which alone can ministers of religion retain any power in a free land. According to him, England was, in those days, a free land,—a commonwealth in which even the individual peasant had a larger share in the affairs of the State, a larger self-respect, and a larger share of intelligence available for the welfare of the whole, than has the rustic boor or the factory operative of England to-day. According to him, therefore, the advance which England made between the beginning and the end of the sixteenth century,—from being a hyperborean island hardly known to civilization, to holding a large share in the destinies of the world; from the England of Caxton to the England of Shakspeare and Spenser, from the England of York and Lancaster to the England of Burleigh and Bacon,—this advance he considers as due to the natural development of a free nation making its laws more enlightened and its religion always more free.

He believes that that nation was led, for forty years of that progress, by one of the greatest of sovereigns, whose name was Henry. He believes that it was by principles which he laid down, and as the result of experiments which he began, that greatness, victory, and glory culminated in the reign of Elizabeth.

## ART. VIII. — THE COUNTRY — ITS PERILS AND PROSPECTS.

*Annual Message of the President of the United States; with the Accompanying Documents.*

IF it be an honest source of pride to be the object of the unconcealed wonder of the civilized world, for the unparalleled resources, energies, and successes which our country has exhibited during the four years of our civil war, we may taste that satisfaction in all its fulness now. The fearful echoes of our cannon have aroused the drowsy attention and opened the deaf ear of Europe: the flashes of our artillery have attracted eyes that were hitherto ignorantly averted from our existence and importance. The indifference has been transferred to the other side of the account! So long as we showed ourselves unweaned in our affections and deference, nervous in our solicitude to please, and fidgety in our sensibility to their criticism, England and France repaid our subserviency with apathy or ill-disguised contempt. Now that their wrongheaded sympathies with our late enemies, and their awkward neutrality, have driven us into an absolute independence of their opinions, and almost an indifference to their conduct, — they begin to discover that we are their best customer, their most dangerous foe, and the most promising country in the world; that we have displayed prodigious resources and talents for war, extraordinary ability in the management of our finances, great readiness to subordinate military power in the very height of its pride and pomp to civil authority, and an unexpected moderation and magnanimity in dealing with our late stubborn, unscrupulous, and cruel foe. It is said by American travellers abroad this last summer and autumn, that in four months public opinion in England and France went through a somerset of ground and lofty tumbling, — taunts and sneers, all vinegar and aloes, turning to deference and cordiality, all milk and roses, — a



change of feeling towards our cause and our countrymen, which our travellers found it almost ludicrous to experience. And this with the English even more than with the French, who invented the saying, "Success is very successful!" It is plain enough that the effect of the war has been to make America respected and courted abroad, if no better loved than before; and, on the other hand, if Europe is never again to be regarded in this country with the same solicitous desire for its approbation, it is probably to be soon much better understood, more freely visited, more judiciously and intelligently criticized and appreciated, and more intimately connected with us by trade and commerce. Almost the same unmasking to each other, which North and South have experienced,—which makes it impossible for the old ignorance and disrespect ever to return,—has, to a less degree taken place in the relations of the American and European peoples. We are more thoroughly weaned from their aristocratic and feudal systems than ever,—from their political ideas and customs; and the death of slavery has broken the last tie of sympathy with their prevailing feeling for caste. The Catholic Church, too, another old European lien upon this continent, has lost American prestige during the war. Its priests and its disciples, as a rule,—with most honorable and even numerous exceptions,—betrayed, if not disloyal, certainly unpatriotic sympathies. We owed little to Irish generals or regiments; nothing to pontifical or hierarchical good-will. The death of Archbishops Hughes and Kenrick deprived the Church of its most politic and most influential leaders; and we hope, not without fears to the contrary, that we have seen the culmination of its political power in this country. Properly resisted in its social ignorance, political combinations, and ecclesiastical aims in the city of New York, where its charities and religious institutions find so generous and partial a support from the public purse, it would find its proper place in a Protestant country and under a free government, among the minor and not the major causes of anxiety and disturbance.

The wonderful flocking abroad since the war ceased is in-

structive, whether induced by the costliness of living in the usual style here at home, or viewed as a rebound of the long-repressed disposition to visit countries where Americans were lately so coldly, and are now so cordially received. Some have gone to enjoy this re-action of European sentiment, some to repair the waste of feeling caused by the strain of our late anxious national life; some to re-establish commercial and trading relations, and many to display the sudden and ill-gotten wealth wrung out of our late misfortunes. Nor is the number of intelligent foreigners, especially English, recently attracted to our own country, a less interesting fact. Probably a larger number of thorough and candid observers—English and French and German—have traversed our country within the last four years, than during all its previous history. The visit of even a Tunisian embassy is not without its import.

It is equally desirable for Europe to know America, and for America to know Europe. They have both much to learn from each other, and much to profit by each other's better acquaintance. America has ripe political ideas and institutions—far the best in the world—toward which all nations gravitate, because they are theoretically just and equal. Education, science, progress, all mean the inevitable triumph of democratic ideas and institutions. The existence of Christianity, with its constant spread and unfolding, necessitates, sooner or later, political equality; necessitates American democracy, and predestines the peaceful ascendancy of the American ensign over all other standards. For our flag stands for the Sermon on the Mount done into the Declaration of Independence, and become the constitution of an equal, and thoroughly representative political estate. It is this moral attraction, which makes it not irreverent to say of the American flag what was said of him who alone made such a standard possible,—his stripes and scars changing into the stripes and stars of that glorious ensign,—“And lo, if I be lifted up, I will draw all men unto me!” The flag that stands for equal justice, equal rights, political brotherhood, and universal self-government, has its staff hewed out of Christ's cross; and in its folds—

were the invisible legends written out — would be seen floating sacred texts from the blessed Saviour's mouth! It was that glorious Christian idealism in our national constitution and cause, which made the nation glad to give a half-million of its sons and thousands of millions of its treasure to purge the charter of its only blot; to hush the sole discord in the national anthem, and make it impossible for the clank of chains longer to mar the glorious symphony, in which thirty million freemen join their voices with the hum and whirr and buzz of their various industry, in praise of Him, who has at length a new chosen people. Our relations with Europe will from this time forward improve, now that we have thoroughly established our independence, not only in a political, but in a moral way. They can no longer discuss American affairs abroad in a sweeping tone of mingled arrogance and ignorance. Too many people there know better now, and we shall no longer be disposed to talk about Europe with a kindred want of justice and discrimination.

There has long been a crying need of a better self-knowledge in the American people; and, now that Europe is disposed to do justice to her merits, America is in a fairer position to recognize her own defects. Certainly we can no longer afford to confound the first crude fruits of our admirable political principles and territorial opportunities, with the full harvest to be hoped from their thorough cultivation; or boast a completeness of civilization which is only prefigured and provided for, not really attained. Nor should we blindly overlook in our dislike for the unequal and unjust political ideas which underlie European civilization, the magnificent social, æsthetic, intellectual, and moral results, which, despite theoretical errors and false principles, have practically been attained through thousands of years of social experience, and the accumulations of the wisdom and skill of patient generations. Blindness to the numerous advantages and victories of European civilization in its best representatives, to their consummate skill in the arts of life; their admirable economies, excellent police, convenient postal systems; their protection of life and personal rights; the purity of their courts

of justice; the general integrity of officials and the high tone of their statesmen; the amenableness of corporations to the laws; the security of public transportation; the cleanliness of streets; the regulation and control of markets and all things appertaining to the public convenience,—insensibility to these manifest superiorities, occasioned by ignorance, prejudice, and folly, and deepened by interested dealers in national vanity, is a terrible obstacle to those necessary reforms, the want of which fills the thoughtful citizens of New York with shame; makes life here, both in a physical and a moral sense, increasingly perilous and uncomfortable, while oppressing our citizens with unsupportable taxes for the worst municipal government in the world. The bills of mortality, the cost of the necessities of life, the taxes on real estate and incomes, with the high charges on all public conveniences, are rapidly making New York the most expensive place in the world to live in; and, despite its vast natural advantages, the least desirable, except for pure business purposes or mere pleasure. But New York is the metropolis of the nation, and sets the fashions and governs the tastes of a hundred other centres of influence. It is in vain to separate its fate from the general fortunes,—or the general fortunes from its fate. The heart is not more directly connected with the whole body, sending its blood to every cell of the common tissues of the human frame, and receiving back into itself the blood which has experienced an influence from each organ in the body, than the national metropolis is bound in with the nation itself. Every city, town, village, home, individual, in this country, is a stockholder in the character and reputation, the manners and customs, the spirit and temper, of this city. And it is to be feared that the folly, misery, and wickedness, with the discouraging abuses of our political system seen in this city, are not without their counterparts in all sections of this country west and south of us. It is because the worst accompaniments of universal suffrage, the worst liabilities of a representative government, are forced upon us here, where ignorance, drunkenness, blindness, selfishness, cupidity, and squalor are actually represented in the choice of the officers



who control our affairs, and mismanage and squander our property and our health,—that it is incumbent on us to consider our difficulties here and now as a sample of the trials through which as a nation we are still passing, and through which we must continue to pass till we struggle out on the safe side.

We must not abate one jot of confidence in our system, because it temporarily produces these bitter fruits; for we may well believe that they will be shorter lived, and that they are less discouraging than the evils connected with any other system. We have accepted the American system, with all its perils and evils, as the best system of government in the world, most favorable in the shortest time to the highest interests of the largest number,—because founded on respect for man, on universal justice and equality. But this is very different from saying that the evils connected with its inauguration are not very serious and very alarming; different from saying that it is a system whose evils are to be praised and tolerated; that ours is “a government that runs itself,” and excuses its citizens from grave responsibilities, and the exercise of the most wakeful vigilance. If America should, at any future time, break down under free institutions, through self-ignorance, devotion to temporary advantages, the intoxication of her own success, the growth of wealth and power in a ratio superior to the growth of intelligence and virtue,—it would prove no more against the value or the divine right of democratic principles, than the first unskilful use of the locomotive proved against the use of steam on railways; or the tendency of primary education in England to increase certain classes of crimes,—forgery for instance,—proved against popular education; or the failure of the Collins line of steamers proved against the value and practicability of transatlantic commerce in our own steam-ships. Democratic principles, universal education, universal suffrage, universal equality before the law, for all colors, conditions, and ranks, are destined to succeed somewhere, at some time, and somehow! Should they fail in this generation and for this century, they would succeed the next; should they fail in America, they would succeed in Europe itself, sooner than be abandoned by

Providence, or surrendered by human nature. But let us remember that they are not bound to succeed in our day, or in our country, in spite of our negligence; and may fail, without any imputation on democracy, the sacredness of its rights, or the benignity of its principles,—fail wholly through the folly and greediness, the pride, the ignorance, the sins, and sensualities of the generation to which it is committed.

It is the most dangerous delusion in the world, that our political principles are any substitute for social, domestic, and personal virtues, or any absolute security for them. Christianity itself is corrupted in the hands of its own ministers and disciples, and becomes almost as bad as heathenism in parts of Central and South America, for instance, where Catholic priests hurry from the mass to the cockpit, and are even known to be drunkards and licentious men without serious prejudice to their official sanctity. Like a mighty cataract of no practical service, so long as men neglect to build their mills upon its banks, erect their machinery, collect their cotton and wool, and avail themselves of its benignant power to weave and spin,—so Christianity might flow on in its own majestic truth and beauty, a heavenly force; but, because unappropriated, render no moral or spiritual service, or, because misappropriated, create only injury and ruin. In like manner, liberty—civil, political, religious—has no necessary, inevitable, automatic power to confer blessings. It is the condition without which certain great blessings cannot be secured and enjoyed. Without it, you cannot have universal intelligence, general education, or a broad awakening of all the faculties, tastes, and aptitudes of humanity; without it, you cannot have large advances in broad ranks towards the ideal civilization of our race. But you *may* have liberty, and not have these other things; as a man may have a rich farm, and not cultivate a single acre of it. You may have democratic institutions, universal suffrage, and a perfect abandonment of all inequalities of station and rights; you may have the American Constitution, with the curse of slavery eradicated, as it soon will be; and, while an undeniable tendency will exist towards self-vindication and

self-preservation and all good consequences, from the inherent vitality and beneficence of its principles,—as is apparent in Christianity itself,—yet, in spite of all, an adequate, a possible, a not wholly improbable, amount of selfishness, greed, ignorance, vice, and recklessness—such an amount, in short, as rules in this city to-day—is sure to annul all the benefits of liberty; to awaken the desire for a different kind of government; to bring back military rule; to make some sort of despotism necessary as the least of evils,—until Liberty finds some new and better soil in which to plant her immortal seed, to spread her generous branches, and bear her predestined glorious fruit.

For ourselves, we are less troubled by the difficulties of reconstruction, presented by the Southern States, than by some other features in our national aspects. None but an unreflecting or uninformed mind could anticipate any thing but a half-reluctant, a hindering, or a tentative policy on their part,—compounded of mortification, anger, fear, hope, necessity, with some considerable elements of intelligence, worth, and enterprise. We are not among the despisers and despairers of the Southern people. The courage, resolution, and self-sacrifice, the ability and zeal, with which they maintained their bad and suicidal cause, won general respect from the world. They proved themselves an able, a proud, and a courageous population; and, taking the testimony of our own bravest generals, had their cause been worthy of their talents and their zeal, they would have few superiors in history. We must set off against the public ignorance, the rashness, the headiness, and general want of judgment, the contempt of vows and of honor, which that rebellion exhibited,—all natural fruits of the Upas that had dropped its poison into every furrow and every heart,—these hopeful qualities, this pride, courage, and persistency. No prophet has eyes piercing enough to tell us what five years will reveal behind the Southern cloud. There are threats and discouragements, there are hopes and promises, blent in its gilded gloom. The adoption, by the necessary majority of States, of the Constitutional Amendment, is full of cheer, and is the grand

triumph of the war. The hesitation to accord to the negroes their rights in the courts, their protection as free laborers, their *status* as full citizens, — the disposition to treat them as vicious children and dangerous vagabonds, or conspiring insurrectionists, — is equally full of sadness and threatening, and is the disappointment of the peace. The Government has been too swift in its pardons and concessions to Southern self-assertion. The President has carried out a programme which was the legacy of Mr. Lincoln, but not written in the light of his own murder, and of the atrocities which the Wirz trial disclosed. There has been too anxious a desire on his part to conciliate those who have always proved themselves insensible to any arguments but force and necessity. Happily, the late elections, especially in New Jersey and Pennsylvania, have stiffened the administration wonderfully, while the meeting of Congress brings at once into Washington a new atmosphere; and no place is more thoroughly drenched in Southern miasmas, and needs a longer and more frequent ventilation! Between the unexpected gentleness of the new Andrew Jackson and the Cromwellian temper of the present American Congress, we may hope to see a righteous and prudent mean prevailing in our new legislation.

The testimony respecting the temper of the planters is not clear. The Southern governors, especially Governor Orr, of South Carolina, seem to accept boldly and frankly the situation, if we except Brownlow and Hutchins. The Southern clergy, for whose support generous efforts are making in the West and North, are beginning to repair their mischievous doings through the war by special efforts at healing the disquietude of the country. The essential re-union of the Episcopal Church, North and South, is a matter of far less national congratulation than the continued separation of the Methodist Episcopal Church, North and South, is of national sorrow. The breach between those populous branches of one communion, and that by far the most influential in the South, is ominous of no good. The Methodist Episcopal Church South is in direct contact with the "mean whites" and with the negroes, as well as with the middle classes. It



has, if we mistake not, over two hundred thousand colored church-members. We know, from the best private and official sources, that this Church is deeply exercised with its present responsibilities; that it is arousing itself to special labor among the negroes; that it professes to accept the situation frankly and without reserve. If it would only prove its sincerity by coming again into ecclesiastical union with the Methodist Episcopal Church North, we should anticipate the greatest blessings from its labors. We should then earnestly counsel systematic endeavors to uphold its hands, and seek to bring the "Union" and the "Freedman's Aid" Commissions into such relations with this omnipresent body, with its twenty-five hundred ministers, as would enable those Commissions—strong at this end and weak at the points of appliance—to be strong at the various places where Northern bounty and influence desire to make themselves felt.

Comparing carefully the discordant testimony in regard to the negroes themselves, we infer that they are, on the whole, docile and industrious, with quite as much attachment for their old masters as is for their own good. They have no such pleasant associations with raising cotton and sugar as to make them eager volunteers in that kind of labor. They want security for their wages, like other laborers, and will sooner idle than work upon an uncertainty. They are roving, because curious to see a world in which hitherto they have been fixtures, and to enjoy a right of way that is new, fresh, and fascinating. They seem wonderfully good-natured, and free from vindictiveness; and it is only a guilty conscience that makes negro insurrection loom before the Southern imagination. No people so lately barbarians in their own country, and slaves in another, ever showed such hopeful signs of progress. Their tendencies to civilization are the precise reverse of the obstinate proclivities to the savage state shown by the American Indians. We judge, too, that the war has effected a great and favorable change in the mean white population of the South,—training them to labor, and giving them some hope and self-respect. On

the whole, too, the upper classes accept the abolition of slavery with a better relish, or a less disgust, than could have been anticipated.

Really, our anxieties may better be turned from where we can do little but wait, to where we can work effectually in the interest of the South,—here at home, in the purification of our own social and political condition. The thoughtful statesman needs to ask himself and the people of the North and West what kind of influence we are prepared to exert upon this people ourselves,—the sort of civilization we are ready to carry among them; the manners and customs, the morals and political example, we are able to set forth for their imitation, to export to their centres, and fasten on their life! The common impression, that the whole dread of Northern influence in the South was a fear of our anti-slavery sentiments, needs some qualification. Doubtless this was the principal antipathy. But, besides this half hypocritical and half self-deceived repugnance, there was a genuine fear of evils supposed to be common to us, from which they were comparatively free. Their own still greater evils they had learned to bear; but many of their better men and women shuddered at what they deemed our tendencies to anarchy, vulgarity, and declension in manners and morals. They witnessed a cupidity, a coarseness, a want of personal nicety of honor; an overweening love of money; a tendency to jobbing and corruption in our municipal chiefs, and at our great centres,—which alarmed the better portion of them for the fruits of universal suffrage. They saw in our cities an ostentation, a vulgarity of costume, a tendency to extravagance, a forwardness of youth, a success for the audacious and the presuming, which they falsely ascribed to democratic principles as their necessary fruit. They found most of our newspapers catering to the most vulgar appetites and tastes, or reeking with the accounts of suicides, seductions, domestic tragedies, and awful defalcation. They saw, in what is called decent society, gamblers and demireps. And many of them, despairing of liberty, preferred the Chinese wall of their popular ignorance and their feudal slavery, so long as it kept

out this foetid flood of corruption and vulgarity from a select class, in whom they treasured all their hopes of any future for themselves and their children.

But how did they get this false, one-sided, disgusting idea of the North? They got it, very much, from our watering-places, where the metropolis is so largely represented. They got it from New York itself,—its corrupt municipal government, its disgusting “ring,” its vulgar official entertainments, its outrageous extravagance, and its spirit of reckless speculation. They got it from that very state of things which is the source of our own grief and shame,—a mismanaged city government; a helpless public, groaning and yet supine; a press abusing and exposing these evils, sometimes with a ribald levity which looks like an enjoyment of them; a theatre which, alas! of late, grows more vulgar and meretricious in its plots and suggestions as it is less coarse in its language; from newspapers that occupy columns on columns, for weeks at a time, with trials at which a French court would forbid even the attendance of spectators as an offence and injury to public morals, and which no press would be allowed to report for the demoralization of the rising generation. Where they got their impression, other cities, towns, and rising communities are finding their example, copying their pattern, and catching its evil and dangerous inspiration. And this it is which makes the political, moral, and social reform of New York a matter of national importance, not inferior to any public interest now before the country.

We do not complain of the present tendencies of democratic America, whether in her cities or in her populous towns, as if these perilous proclivities were not, in part, to have been expected; nay, not as if these evils could have been, by any care, wholly prevented. Our evils are largely those of rank and rapid growth, sudden wealth, or the universal opportunity and desire to accumulate it; the predominance of money over intellectual and moral influence; the abuse of universal suffrage which enables vulgar but skilful politicians to manipulate masses of voters, and put in place corrupt and ignorant men to maintain political and moral poli-

cies which are perilous and disgraceful. But it is the theory of our institutions, that the people are to be trusted with power and opportunities; that political privileges are to be thrown wide open to all humanity; that political duties are matters in which the only real education is actual participation; and that the only way to have the final prodigious blessing of equality before the law, and self-government, is to brave the early difficulties connected with the inauguration of the system, — to wallow through the morass, in view of the dry ground and broad open country beyond it, instead of skirting for ever the Dismal Swamp of unequal rights, putting up with endless mediocrity and theoretical injustice in political institutions, through cowardice and love of instant ease.

America, with a wonderful eye for first principles, and a blessed good fortune in the opportunity of trying them, has cast her lot into the lap of democratic principles. We hope she will have the resolution to try them out to their full logical conclusions. She has proved her fidelity, against the prophecies and wishes of the whole world, in committing herself, with all her blood and wealth, to the question, of what reliance this free government might place upon its people when the sovereignty of the nation was assailed by the most formidable rebellion in history. She has still to prove it, by maintaining that the slave she has freed because he is man, is also a citizen because he is a man, and, as a citizen, entitled to his rights as a laborer and a voter, — entitled to education, and to all the immunities of the white man. Her principles require her to take this ground. We trust the nation, in its Federal power, having gone as far as it has gone, will go farther; and, on the principle of the right of self-preservation, will put the right of suffrage on universal grounds, — even if it has, for a little longer, to be hard and blind towards State rights, and to keep the higher law, which has guided it through the war, above the Constitution as read by legalists and not by its spirit, — until the revolution is complete, and has borne fruits worthy of the sacrifices it has cost.

Of course, the right of suffrage extended to the negroes



will make the reconstruction in some respects slower and more difficult. The right of suffrage extended to foreigners, and to the ignorant and the vile here at the North, makes order and economy, peace and refinement, for the time being more difficult and much later in their coming, than if an enlightened aristocracy, or a set of ten-pound franchises governed America and our cities. But this is what we are undertaking to do,—to bear the temporary inconveniences and evils connected with universal suffrage for the sake of its inherent possibilities and glorious promises. With the liveliest sense of what those evils are, and with as fastidious a disgust for them as most men, we accept them, as the cheap conditions of the glorious future to be expected from the full operation of the fruitful principle, of which they are baleful parasites. And, were we Southerners, we would accept negro suffrage on the same ground. The negro cannot longer be a slave: he must, then, be made a genuine citizen with the utmost despatch. Safety, interest, duty, require it. Every thing demands it, except prejudice, immediate convenience, and a sudden tranquillization of the Southern country. Fix the *status* of the negro at some point short of a free citizen,—adopt the South-Carolina programme, and let it have the consent and approbation of the country,—and you purchase, no doubt, a certain feeling of relief and security for South Carolina and other Southern States, and at once superficially re-animate their industry. But you would do that even more to their choice, if you could thoroughly re-establish slavery; and it is only because this comes as near to it as they can get, that they like it. But the nation has no right, after agitating the whole world with its war, scattering commerce and disjoining trade, drenching the soil with the blood of its noblest youth, making the national domain a Golgotha, and the land another Egypt after the destroying angel passed and left not one household where its first-born was not mourned; after flooding the nation with a currency that has inflated prices to an almost intolerable pitch, and made property and livelihood for many, grave uncertainties,—the nation has no right, after such sacrifices and perils, and in the

face of its remaining risks, to leave the ends and objects of the war unsettled or incomplete. It were better to set-to and fight it out for another five years, than allow in any way the real ends for which we have been contending to be come short of.

The nation—its constitution and its life—must be thoroughly purged of the poisonous paradoxes which circumstances forced upon it in its feeble infancy, but which in its manhood it would sooner die than endure the contradiction of any longer! Let us hope, that Congress, in the name of the martyrs of the war, its widows and orphans, its holy dust, will assume the power to make absolute work with the re-establishment of the South in the enjoyment of complete systems of republican government,—the first condition of which is universal manhood suffrage,—regulated only by the ordinary conditions of the ballot in all free countries.

It is much to be feared, that this—which is not Mr. Johnson's advice—will not be effected, just as it is to be feared that the admirable advice of the President in regard to the immediate contraction of our currency will not meet the practical assent of Congress, loud as its theoretical approbation may be. And this simply, because immediate trials are so much more dreaded in commercial and trading countries, than future troubles of far greater magnitude. Let us rejoice that both the President and the Secretary of the Treasury have drawn attention to the moral evils connected with the inflation of the currency and the rise of prices. An inflated currency tends to produce in the public a puffed conscience and a hollow heart; it intoxicates and unsettles the commercial mind; bewilders and weakens the sentiment of social duty; brings the scum, the unscrupulous, the rash and the gambling portion of the community, to the surface; and puts the cautious, prudent, conscientious, and intelligent very much at their mercy. It drives all the speculative, make-haste-to-be-rich people out of the villages, trades, and fields, into the cities, where they may live by their wits on the rise and fall of gold, or stocks. It brings agriculture and productive arts into a sort of contempt

as too slow means of realizing fortunes. It is accompanied by domestic extravagance; for the speculative humor it begets in men makes the mere question of domestic expense almost a trifle in view of the larger risks they are running, and often extravagance at home is one of the means by which a spurious credit is kept up in the street. On purely moral grounds, let us hope and pray that the country will soon return, at any immediate cost to itself, to a more real and solid basis in its monetary affairs.

It is impossible to survey the wonderful series of documents laid before the nation by the President and Heads of Departments, on the meeting of Congress, without feeling that the account which our Government gives of itself and the country, at the close of the war, is a record brim full of causes for pride, hope, joy, and thanksgiving! The paternal frankness and simplicity with which the President gives his counsel and advice, so temperate, serious, and prudent,—firm in its import, but gentle in its manner, and with an undertone of majesty and exultation,—is such as becomes a great ruler, as he speaks at the close of so tremendous and successful a national conflict to the Representatives of the American Republic, lately on trial for its life before the world, and just acquitted, in the eyes of history, of all internal weakness and inconstancy to her first vows. The prodigious story by the Secretary of War of the levy, arming, equipping, and support of our troops, and the still more wonderful account of their mustering out of the service and return to civil life, with a reduction of the estimated expenses from over five hundred and sixteen millions last year to thirty-four millions for this; the similar and equally gratifying account presented by the Secretary of the Navy of the marvellous expansion of our naval power to a force of over three thousand guns afloat, and its almost instantaneous subsidence to a peace-footing of less than eight hundred; the fearless and business-like grappling of the Secretary of the Treasury with the great question of national finance, in which no class prejudices or interests are flattered, no glozing fallacies indorsed, and no temporary policy commended; the wide survey of our home interests taken by the

head of that growing Department of the Interior, which is destined henceforth to be second to no other in importance; the splendid panorama of our campaigns unfolded in such graphic lines, with soldierly directness, homely strength, and courageous truthfulness by the Lieutenant-General; the survey of our foreign relations presented by Mr. Seward in the two volumes of his diplomatic correspondence just sent into Congress, where the pen shows itself "mightier than the sword" in the truly splendid exhibition of mingled caution, sagacity, courage, clearness, eloquence, and patriotism applied to our critical relations abroad, made by the veteran Secretary who first won our victories in the Senate, and now wins them again in the courts of the world, — all this, brought before us in the natural course of business at the first meeting of Congress after the close of the war, arouses a sentiment of national glory and national thanksgiving, for which no people ever had before such substantial reasons so plainly and indisputably set forth in regular official documents!

When we think what a national domain we had to save to the interests of freedom and self-government; what a splendid trust our ocean-bounded continent is; through what climates and over what degrees of latitude and longitude it extends; how various and essential are its products, — with cereals enough to feed the world; cotton enough — were the lands adapted to it all duly cultivated — to clothe the race; iron and coal enough to supply all the workshops of civilized man; water-power enough to turn the mills of Christendom; gold, silver, lead, copper, sufficient to supply the markets of the future, when a century hence a population equal to that which crowds China shall occupy our national domain, — what American citizen can fail to bless God that the external grandeur of our nation is sublimely worthy of those internal sentiments and political ideas which first colonized our wilderness, framed here a State, freed it from all foreign dominion, built it up into a first-rate power, and, when it had nothing to fear but its own extent and the force of the wedges of secession and slavery which its internal policy had allowed to insert themselves deeply into its heart, by one fearful throe,



ejected them both, and left the American people, a vast nation, in peaceful occupation of that temple of democratic liberty, the shelter and home of equal rights, which kings and prophets have longed for in vain! The dream of ages, the despair of baffled saints and martyrs, it has receded with the horizon before the aspirations of the past; but now, its foundations relaid in our holiest and costliest cement,—the blood of our sons and the tears of our daughters,—it has become the actual possession and dwelling of our favored generation!

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#### ART. IX.—REVIEW OF CURRENT LITERATURE.

##### THEOLOGY.

No work has lately appeared, within our knowledge, so important to the student of theological opinion, as Lecky's "*History of Rationalism.*"\* And this not from any striking originality of view,—for he seems content to hold the medium position of an intelligent liberal, Christian belief; or from a very marked power of philosophical analysis,—since he barely approaches any of the deeper questions of metaphysics; or even from any singular mastery of the learning which his subject might seem to require,—since not only the most famous recent theologians, English or Continental, are not so much as named by him, but we do not even find evidence that he has read a single German work. The chief merit of this history consists in the extraordinarily clear and vigorous historical sense it indicates, together with the copious, accurate, and thoroughly digested reading—which seems to include every printed book in English, French, and the later Latin—brought to bear on the course of argument. In spirit and style, and in confident precision of statement, it reminds one of Buckle on every page; but is less open to the charge of an obtrusive and overbearing dogmatism. Accepting in general the results of scientific progress, it protests strongly against the inevitable materializing tendency of science (vol. ii. pp. 255, 257). Tracing,

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\* *History of the Rise and Influence of the Spirit of Rationalism in Europe.* By W. E. H. Lecky. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 2 vols.

with great vigor, the falsities and cruelties that have been identified with so large a part of the Church theology, it magnifies the Christian virtues of every age, and makes distinct, repeated, and earnest profession of sympathy with the Christian faith. In full apparent accord with the main tendencies of modern thought, and accepting Mr. Mill as "the ablest living philosopher in Europe," it vindicates the doctrine of free-will (vol. i. p. 10), of final causes (p. 294), and, more vaguely, of miracles, as now explained by their more intelligent defenders" (note, p. 195).†

We give the author's motive and point of view in his own words, emphasizing the phrases which especially indicate that fine historical sense which we have ascribed to him: —

"To reconstruct the modes of thought which produced superstitions that have long since vanished from among us; to trace through the obscurity of the distant past *that hidden bias of the imagination*, which, deeper than any strife of arguments, deeper than any change of creed, determines in each succeeding age the realized belief; to grasp the principle of analogy or congruity according to which the conceptions of a given period were grouped and harmonized, and then to show how all the discoveries of science, or the revolutions in philosophy, or the developments of industrial or political life, *introduced new centres of attraction, and made the force of analogy act in new directions*; to follow out the process till the period when *conclusions the reason had once naturally and all but instinctively adopted seem incongruous and grotesque*, and till the whole current of intellectual tendencies is changed, — this is the task which devolves upon every one, who, not content with relating the fluctuations of opinions, seeks to throw some light upon the laws which govern them. . . . When an opinion that is opposed to the age is incapable of modification, and is an obstacle to progress, it will at last be openly repudiated; and if it is identified with any existing interests, or associated with some eternal truth, its rejection will be accompanied by paroxysms of painful agitation. But much more frequently civilization makes opinions that are opposed to it simply obsolete. *They perish by indifference, not by controversy*. They are relegated to *the dim twilight land that surrounds every living faith*; the land, not of death, but of the shadow of death; the land of the unrealized and the inoperative. . . . In order to appreciate the change, we must translate these opinions into action, must examine what would be their effects if fully realized, and ascertain how far those effects are actually produced. It is necessary, therefore, not merely to examine successive creeds, but also to study the types of character of successive ages." — Vol. i. pp. 17-19.

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† "That miracles were performed simply by the employment of unknown natural laws was maintained long since by Malebranche, and also, I think, by Butler." — Vol. i. p. 193, note.

The point of departure of the historical survey contained in these volumes is the twelfth century, — a period of time which Mr. Lecky brings into relief with unusual felicity and skill. Here is the beginning of that intellectual movement which broke the unquestioning faith of the age that went before, and whose results are traced without break or faltering down to the present day. Perhaps the most definite cause that can be assigned to it is the stir of mind and society in Europe, brought about by the Crusades, — resulting in political agitation, in religious heresies, in thoughts, aspirations, and industries strange and hateful to the dominant Church. Here comes the need of forcible restraint to defend that spiritual empire. Hence the reign of awe and trust is exchanged for a reign of terror. Crusades upon the soil of Europe, the pitiless hunting-down of heretics, the Inquisition with its hellish ingenuity of torture, the frightful persecutions of witches as accomplices of the Devil, make essential features in the later story of the Middle Age. Art changes its mission, from being a monument of simple piety, to serving as an instrument of religious fear. And those definite conceptions of hell, which Dante's poem did more than any other thing to make vivid and familiar, become more than ever the chief point of Church doctrine, and the pivot of priestly power.

The revolution which has wrought against a spiritual fabric so imposing and seemingly impregnable, — until to the world's mind and conscience, at the present day, as represented in all its advanced literature, science, and philosophy, it is utterly destroyed, — is traced by Mr. Lecky in four simple, unequal, and somewhat arbitrary divisions. In the first is traced the decline of the belief in witchcraft, — that is, miracles wrought by devils: and perhaps we find nowhere else in English so vivid a picture of that belief, and the fearful atrocities it has occasioned, — superstitions and terrors which did not cease, in fact, till within a century.\*

The next chapter is of the declining belief of the miracles of the Church. This is followed by a long chapter, extremely curious and interesting, and needing only a little more strictness of method, and clearly marked division to the eye, to make it a complete and independent treatise. It is entitled, "Æsthetic, Scientific, and Moral

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\* A woman was burnt in Scotland for sorcery in 1722; and, "as late as 1773, the divines of the Associated Presbytery passed a resolution declaring their belief in witchcraft, and deploring the scepticism that was general." — Vol. i. p. 151.

Developments of Rationalism;" and, in breadth and force of treatment, is worthy to stand beside Comte's remarkable chapter on the corresponding intellectual revolution, in the fifth volume of his "Philosophy." A very long and important chapter on Persecution — tracing, in two sections, its logical antecedents, and the various points of its history — is particularly valuable: first, as showing the logical necessity of persecution as flowing from the doctrine of exclusive salvation; and, secondly, as marking with great clearness the shares due to the many agencies that brought an end to the long reign of terror. A curious instance of philosophic optimism is found, where the author traces the effect of *vice* as a needed agent of humanity: —

"It is the especial evil of intolerance that it entwines itself around the holiest parts of our nature, and becomes at last so blended with the sense of duty, that, as has been finely said, 'conscience, which restrains every other vice, becomes the prompter here.' Two or three times in the history of mankind, its destruction has involved a complete dissolution of the moral principles by which society coheres, and the cradle of religious liberty has been rocked by the worst passions of humanity." — Vol. ii. p. 70.

As a set-off to this, we find another instance of optimism (vol. i. pp. 379, 380), in which the doctrine of exclusive salvation is shown to have been needed; first, to confirm the early Church in its struggle with paganism, and afterwards to shorten the violence and terror of the transition in the era of the Reformation. On the other hand, we find one of the most warning lessons of history, in the emphasis with which it is shown (vol. ii. pp. 13–19), that persecution has been fully successful, for long eras, in stifling or shaping the holiest convictions of mankind.

Less directly connected with religious movements, and yet equally important as parts in the great spiritual revolution, are the secularizing of politics, and the development of modern industry, treated in the two concluding chapters. The last will be found especially valuable. "It is probable," the author holds, "that Watt and Stephenson will eventually modify the opinions of mankind almost as profoundly as Luther or Voltaire." This judgment is indicated in the great care which has been bestowed on this part of the work. The history of the opinion concerning usury, with the antagonism between industry and theology which it brought about, is one of the most fruitful examples of that subtle connection often traced between secular and spiritual things. So with the inevitable result of utilitarianism as the



philosophy of an industrial age,—a result which the author thus recognizes and regrets in his concluding words:—

“The destruction of the belief in witchcraft and of religious persecution, the decay of those ghastly notions concerning future punishments which for centuries diseased the imagination and embittered the character of mankind, the emancipation of suffering nationalities, the abolition of the belief in the guilt of error which paralyzed the intellectual, and of the asceticism which paralyzed the material, progress of mankind,—may be justly regarded as among the greatest triumphs of civilization: but when we look back to the cheerful alacrity with which, in some former ages, men sacrificed all their material and intellectual interests to what they believed to be right, and when we realize the unclouded assurance that was their reward, it is impossible to deny that we have lost something in our progress.”—Vol. ii. p. 357.

HARDLY any thing in the work we have just noticed is more striking than its apparent unconsciousness of theological controversies and party issues of the present day. Its main apparent motive is to show “how completely the controversialists of successive ages are the puppets and the unconscious exponents of the deep undercurrent of their time.” And to those whose heart is very much in such things, this will appear a new token of its insidious and dangerous attack on Christian truth. Such a representation of it we find in the brief notice given in another work of similar title,\* which, in method, spirit, and result, is “the contrast rather than the counterpart.” Here, the doctrinal results which Mr. Lecky has barely indicated are faithfully traced, with an avowed polemic purpose, through the whole series of latitudinarian or “infidel” theologians, from Semler down to the New-York Convention of last April. We cannot praise the method, which is, in general, to affix the different degrees of theological odium to each of the long list of names cited. But this is inevitable in a work which is professedly a defence of a given line of theological opinion. The arrangement is clear, the reading appears to be careful and abundant, the spirit and intention fair, the personal judgments kindly and generous, and (allowing for its undisguised bias) the book will serve a useful purpose as a convenient sketch of a very remarkable period in the history of opinion. Its religious motive appears to the best effect in those passages where an earnest

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\* History of Rationalism; embracing a Survey of the Present State of Protestant Theology. By Rev. John F. Hurst. With Appendix of Literature. New York: Charles Scribner & Co. 8vo. pp. 623.

Christian faith is represented as struggling with the results of critical study, as in the very touching case of Semler; and where that noble movement of Christian charity is traced, which sprang from the heart of recent German evangelicalism, — in some of its features, one of the most interesting developments of our age.

MR. REID'S "Voices of the Soul"\* seem to us to be very vague and unsatisfactory utterances of very confused and superficial ideas. There are good thoughts in his books, borrowed from Dorner and Müller and Leighton and Butler and Channing; and even the wayward and diffuse speculations of Isaac Taylor are refreshing, as a relief from the platitudes of Mr. Reid's own style. Mr. Reid is a terse and nervous writer; but he is, at the same time, an incorrect and ungrammatical writer. His reasoning is contradictory and illogical; and the elaborate plan which is drawn out in his table of contents, only misleads one who expects any careful discriminations or any solid building of "thoughts upon the soul." He believes (or thinks that he believes) in the Trinity, the vicarious atonement, the utter ruin and depravity of the soul, the eternity of hell torments, and the "objective" punishment of the sinner, and in the eternal life of a physical body. But the inconsistencies of his statements greatly weaken the force of his pleas for these doctrines. God, he tells us, was incarnated in Christ to save sinners; yet he thinks that there would have been an *incarnation of God even if there had been no sin*, and that the incarnation will be *eternal*. God *humbles himself* by the act of creating, — so Mr. Reid thinks; and yet "amid the vast solitudes of eternity, while as yet the clock-work of creation had not commenced its movements, the Most High was intensely active, — active in the beginningless loves and communions of the three divine persons."

In spite of his strong sense of human corruption, Mr. Reid is half an optimist in his views of the dignity and fate of men. He admits that, "in one way or another" (p. 192), "men are trying their hand at good works. It is really astonishing to see how *universal* is this habit among mankind. To do evil is certainly not deemed the chief end of man." And then he adds most lucidly, "There is no end to good men." The hell which he presents is to hold but "few" people, "compared with the infinite numbers of the universe." Salvation is

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\* *Voices of the Soul, answered in God.* By Rev. John Reid. New York: Robert Carter & Brothers. 1865. 12mo. pp. 374.

to be the general rule. Only a few are to be "imprisoned for life." The conclusion is more satisfactory than the process by which it is reached. Even sinful souls look for perfected and finished lives hereafter. "All men have a heaven, which is to be the consummation of good." The Calvinist pleading has a Universalist ending. We do not wonder that Professor Lewis was glad that he retained the manuscript until he read the second half; for the conclusion of this part, inflated and ambitious as its diction is, redeems the volume from utter absurdity. Professor Shedd is wise in not committing himself "to every particular in the work;" but, as a religious treatise, the work can only be classed with the redundant platitudes of Cummings, the London prophet.

#### HISTORY AND POLITICS.

THE several volumes of Mr. Merivale's "*History of the Roman Empire*"\* have received from us, as they successively appeared, that hearty welcome which is due so admirable a work. It is not too much to say,—and this is the highest praise that could be given it,—that it is worthy of the gap it has undertaken to fill; worthy to serve as an introduction to Gibbon. If the first two volumes seemed hardly to rise to the grandeur of the tragedy they narrated; if they were rather brilliant and animated than earnest and thoughtful, as befits the historian of events like these; if they concerned themselves rather with the petty intrigues of Roman politics than the great movements of the national life; if in these volumes we find ourselves rather entertained than instructed,—we do not, in the later portions of the work, feel the lack of any of the nobler qualities of the historian. In the same graceful, vigorous style, with the same masterly grasp and picturesque detail, we have not only the hideous depravity of the imperial court, but the magnificent career of the empire, powerfully portrayed; and, perhaps most striking of all, an admirable analysis of the phases which popular thought and feeling passed through,—the internal causes of the final establishment of the imperial government and of Christianity.

The weakest chapters are those that treat of the relations of the empire with the barbarian tribes that were pressing upon it from without. Mr. Merivale is more at home in the court and schools of Rome. If here even Gibbon hardly surpasses him, he falls far short,

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\* *History of the Romans under the Empire.* By Charles Merivale. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 7 vols.

in this wider field, of the breadth of view and the vigorous grasp which make the chapters on the barbarian invasions distinguished for their graphic power among all the chapters even of the "Decline and Fall."

Neither do we meet with indications of the vastness of learning that characterized his predecessor. We must do Mr. Merivale the justice to admit that he would be the last person to challenge for himself a comparison with Gibbon, — a comparison, indeed, which would do him no discredit. We have a right, however, to complain that he has not made the most of the materials which were fairly within his reach. We mark in him a defect which characterizes, we think, English scholarship in general. No nation has studied more faithfully the records that the ancients have left of themselves in their written literature; but that equally important class of records known under the general title of Archæology is comparatively neglected by them. It is odd, too, seeing that it is to English pluck and enterprise that we largely owe the discovery and preservation of these records. Gell, Leake, Fellows, and Layard discovered ruins and inscriptions, and described, copied, and photographed them; but it is Boeckh, Grotefend, Mommsen, Lepsius, and Bunsen, that have turned them to actual use in illustrating ancient history.

Let us compare, from this point of view, the English and German method of writing the history of the Roman empire. We have seen what Mr. Merivale has produced, — a genuine history, graphic, flowing, racy, at once taking its place as a classic work. In Germany, Professor Mommsen has likewise been for many years engaged upon a Roman History. It is, so far as completed, a book that is indispensable to the student of Roman history; but it is too ponderous, hard, and compact to be *read*. At times, to be sure, it rises into eloquence; but it is the eloquence of the statesman and philosopher, not of the rhetorician. It is a work as inferior to Mr. Merivale's as a *history*, as it is superior as a learned and thoughtful commentary upon history. Three volumes of this are already published, coming down to the battle of Thapsus; the last volume covering very nearly the same ground with Mr. Merivale's first two. And yet Mr. Merivale nowhere ever mentions the work of the first living authority upon the subject of which he is writing; and we can find no indications that he has either read it, or even heard of it. Further: Mommsen's history has been at a stand-still for now ten years, while he has been gathering materials for its continuation, and carrying out a minute study of the Roman



empire, such as perhaps it has never yet received. In the hands of this master, the smallest facts are turned to account in illustrating the life and institutions of the people he describes. All his earlier works : the great collection of inscriptions, — *Inscriptiones Regni Neapolitani* ; the work on the Italian languages cognate to Latin, — *Die unteritalischen Dialekte* ; the treatises on the Etruscan alphabets and the Roman coinage, chronology, and tribes, — all are to be considered in the light of studies for the history of the Republic. And now, as he approaches the time of the Empire, we find him editing an edict of Diocletian about the markets ; publishing a collection of *Römische Forschungen* ; and, this very year, editing that most important document of the reign of Augustus, the *Monumentum Ancyranum*. It would be unjust to say, that Mr. Merivale wholly neglects this class of materials ; for there are not infrequent references to coins and inscriptions in his later volumes. In the earlier ones, however, they are rare, and nowhere are they any thing but a very subordinate matter.

We have two or three more special criticisms to make. We do not understand the affectation which refuses to say Pompey, Antony, and Catiline, — just these three anglicized names, — but which always speaks of Virgil, Horace, Ovid, Herod, Vespasian. Again, it is an imposition upon those (much the largest class) who read Roman History as a part of Universal History, and refer all events to one era, — the birth of Christ, — to use no dates but those of the city. To few persons — none but scholars by profession — do the years of the city mean any thing ; the reader is annoyed by the constantly recurring necessity of *translating* these dates into terms of the received chronology. If the historian himself regards the history he is treating as an isolated record, and does not care for a universal era, he should at least — as Mommsen does — give the more familiar dates by the side of the others.

A more serious fault is a habit of translating and paraphrasing so freely, for the sake of vividness, as really to convey a somewhat distorted impression. Mr. Merivale's translations are admirable, — lively and idiomatic, and usually very accurate. But sometimes they are exaggerated in the manner above described. The same or a similar fault is, as is well known, charged upon Lord Macaulay, in whom it was less pardonable ; for in his case there was tampering with the words in the language actually used, for the sake of rhetorical effect. An illustration of this habit in Mr. Merivale is found in vol. v. p. 417, in the account of the death of Poppæa by her own hands : "The

catastrophe was concealed from Claudius, who invited her husband some days afterwards to his table, and wondered why he had come without his wife. '*I have just lost her,*' he quietly replied, and sat down to supper." Now, we submit that the passage of Tacitus (Ann. xi. 2), *ad quod functam fato responderit*, does not at all express the indifference on the part of the husband which Mr. Merivale's account implies. Tacitus, in his compressed style, merely gives his answer in the honest *oratio obliqua*, not pretending to repeat the very words used. Mr. Merivale, as if professing a degree of accuracy which he does not really possess, puts it into the direct form of statement, — which is much more vivid, — and volunteers in addition a description of the manner in which it was said, and the action with which it was accompanied. How does he know that Scipio had not already sat down before the question was asked? This may seem trifling; but it illustrates well enough the danger to which an historian of a vivid imagination is exposed, and which Mr. Merivale has not always avoided. It indicates a willingness to sacrifice absolute fidelity to rhetorical effect, — not intentionally, we admit, inasmuch as Mr. Merivale gives the original in his foot-note. A more serious instance of the same fault is found in the account of Philo's interview with the emperor Caius, where he seems to have much exaggerated the marks of insanity in the emperor's conduct. The translation of Philo (we have not been able to get access to the original) gives the notion, to be sure, of an eccentric and whimsical man, but not of the mad freakishness described here.

Indeed, one of the most satisfactory of the lesser points made by Mr. Merivale is in regard to the insanity of the Claudian emperors, — De Quincey's favorite theory. That Caius (Caligula) was mad there seems ample evidence; but, with regard to the other emperors, we see nothing which might not naturally be expected in a material and corrupt age in young men endowed all at once with absolute power over the whole known world, and taught to consider themselves as more than men, — as destined to a seat in Olympus by the side of Jupiter and Mars. Nothing in Mr. Merivale's book is finer than his analysis of the characters of Nero and Domitian. All the historical characters, indeed, are well drawn; but that of Nero is a masterpiece. We are made to see that his monstrous wickedness was no such exceptional and inexplicable savageness as it seems to the superficial look, but the natural and consistent career of a vain, sensual, at the outset not ill-disposed young man, in such a position

and with such surroundings as his. Are we sure, we are led to ask, that even the amiable Titus could have resisted the forces of evil? All the careful training which Marcus Aurelius, "perhaps the most beautiful character in history," gave to his son, could not save the name of Commodus from ranking with those of Nero and Caligula.

With the exception of the first chapter, the last volume is probably the least valuable and interesting portion of the work. Mr. Merivale was perhaps weary with the long chronicles of crime and passion. It is true the records fail here; and we are left to grope, with hardly any guidance, through a century very barren in striking events. All the more favorable the opportunity for the creative power of the historian, — to throw upon this happy period the light of research and imagination, and make Trajan, Antoninus, and Marcus as living to the reader as Augustus and Tiberius. But this seventh volume would seem to confirm the old saying, or rather, invert it: "Dull are the annals of a well-governed people." Dr. Arnold's article on Trajan, began, in a fragmentary way, what we had hoped that Mr. Merivale would finish. But there are half a dozen lines of Mathew Arnold which suggest more vividly the spirit of this epoch, which we fondly term that of the Antonines, than this whole volume: "Marcus Aurelius has, for us moderns, this great superiority in interest over Saint Louis or Alfred, that he lived, and acted in a state of society modern by its essential characteristics, in an epoch akin to our own, in a brilliant centre of civilization. Trajan talks of 'our enlightened age' just as glibly as the 'Times' talks of it." — (Essays, p. 262.) No characterization like this in Mr. Merivale's seventh volume.

For this reason, because he has, comparatively speaking, failed in two important periods of his history, we cannot place Mr. Merivale in the very front rank of historians, — with Thucydides and Tacitus, Gibbon and Arnold. He has failed to portray intensely enough — animated and picturesque as is his narration — the scenes of the downfall of the republic; and he has failed to make living the period of the height of the imperial power. On the volumes between these his fame must finally rest, and these entitle us gladly and unhesitatingly to place his name high among the historians of the second class.

W. F. A.

THOSE who enjoy lucid statements of natural facts, historical events picturesquely recited, and scientific inferences emphatically main-

tained, will find, in Dr. Draper's handsome volume, no common intellectual pleasure.\* The style, the method, the amount of information, and the force and fluency of the author, as well as his beautiful illustrations, make him the most pleasing writer on scientific subjects in the country. Long practice as a lecturer, assiduous devotion as a student, and great love of the sphere of his special inquiries, unite to equip and inspire him for what is evidently a labor of love. But those who open his book with the expectation of deriving counsel towards the practical solution of the great national problems of the hour, will be disappointed. Valuable suggestions of a general kind, important and interesting scientific considerations, there are ; but these "Thoughts" are of indirect rather than immediate avail to aid inquiry or determine conduct. With all its merits, the work lacks completeness, insight, and grasp.

The main value of the work, as regards the transition state in which we as a nation are placed, consists in its recognition and illustration of law in the domain of human life, society, and government. In eloquently treating of the relation of man to nature, Dr. Draper shows how useless and insane it is for free-will to struggle against physical conditions as immutable as they are obvious. He writes of the influence of climate, the facts of emigration, and the inborn force of political ideas, with so copious a variety of illustration, so clear and eloquent an argument drawn from science and history, that no reader of moderate intellect and average conscience can fail to accept, as wisdom and duty, what the laws of the Creator so manifestly impose. As to Dr. Draper's special opinions,—touching the rapid diminution of the negro race in America, the expediency of a governmental control of the lines of railway travel, the probable increase of polygamy, and the importance of a scientific training for the clergy,—they are points, doubtless, of interest, but open to a larger discussion than we can at present afford. The use of his work is general, not specific: it is calculated to put patriotic thinkers on the right track, rather than to enlighten them in detail as to impending problems of legislation.

A great charm of the work is its scientific expositions. It treats of air and ocean, plants and animals, climate and natural laws, often with a truly poetic vigor of imagination,—as when the lion of the

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\* *Thoughts on the Future Civil Policy of America.* By JOHN WILLIAM DRAPER, M.D., LL.D. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1865.



desert is described as "chained by a sunbeam," or the atmosphere as "the cradle of vegetable and the coffin of animal life." It traces the relation of man to nature with singular fulness and force of illustration, and beauty of diction. So, too, with the historical episodes. Egypt and the East, the European, the Asiatic, the Hebrew, and the Arab, are delineated with a picturesque individuality which makes the most familiar facts regarding each assume a new relief and vivid significance. This kind of descriptive writing—this elaboration of history and science—is so predominant, and the political disquisition so meagre, that we suspect the union of the two elements in one treatise was an after-thought, and that the Professor has simply availed himself of the current of events to float his cherished scientific and historical opinions into public view.

Perhaps the most suggestive portion of the work, as regards the destiny and duty of our country, is that devoted to emigration. Ethnological and historical knowledge are finely combined in it. Many of the Professor's favorite ideas, originally expressed in his "Intellectual Development of Europe," are repeated. Again he warmly eulogizes the Saracen element in European civilization, and is eloquent in his recapitulation of modern obligations to Arabian science. He repeats his striking description of the place held by Egyptian civilization in the intellectual history of mankind; he exhibits a view of the triumphs of Chinese government and culture, which, to most readers, will be surprising as well as new; he compares the triumphs of science with the failures of theology, and adds needless wealth of argument to prove how vastly, as well as minutely, true it is, that knowledge is power.

In the discussion of the social elements of our civil polity, Dr. Draper uses terms which we deem too indefinite and inconclusive. It was not the *moral* but the *ecclesiastical* theory which clogged and debased European development. Strictly speaking, it was not an *Idea*, but a *Faith*, that diffused the creed of Mahomet, and conserved the ideality of the Hebrew race. "Uniformity of physical action," while undoubtedly a great cause of national character and history, is by no means the exclusive, nor, in all cases, the predominant one. His brief description of the United States is scientifically correct, but historically incomplete. His illustration drawn from the government of China is deficient and inconsistent,—first, because the civilization of that vast region is stationary, and he is advocating one that is progressive. It is a government essentially of *prestige*, ramifying

into excessive detail of authority and responsibility, — all based on implicit and blind subjection, which is so dependent on exclusiveness and isolation, that from the time the French, English, and Americans have obtained a foothold in the kingdom, the people have learned how visionary is the real power under which they have so long credulously acted ; and are continually invading, resisting, and abjuring it, though as yet with but partial success.

We demur also to the estimate placed by Dr. Draper on the qualities, inherited and actual, of the Italian race. The recuperative energies of that people and their indomitable genius have been and wonderfully manifest and triumphant, — so much so as practically to repudiate the alleged degeneration ascribed to their ethnological origin and vicissitudes. Again, while Dr. Draper insists, with much reason, on the substitution of science for exclusive classical training, both on the ground of superior discipline of the mental faculties and the acquisition of a species of knowledge indispensable to the culture and comprehension of the present times, he only indirectly recognizes the vital importance of the industrial arts as part of national education, though he fully admits their great influence in securing and extending national prosperity. He indicates, clearly and truly, the agency of locomotive facilities and free intercommunication in developing the resources and enlightening the mind of the world. He adequately describes the efficiency of certain mechanical inventions and manufactures, especially the steam-engine and cotton, in the production of wealth and the promotion of knowledge. He unfolds the progress of chemistry, astronomy, and the mechanic arts, the agency of the pulpit and the press, in the education of the people, with comprehensive insight. The material conditions of human progress, and the relation of man to nature, are well stated and eloquently illustrated. In a word, the scientific phase of the problem of American civilization is ably and attractively portrayed ; but Dr. Draper does not grasp the more remote and subtle conditions and influences, whereby the great subject he discusses, in the last analysis, must be tested. Two principles he earnestly recognizes : Material Laws and Intellectual Power. With these he is intimately acquainted : one as the subject of his studies, and the other as the inspiration of his life ; and to these he refers all the phenomena of life and the facts of history. To deny the vast influence of either material laws or intellectual power upon human destiny, is far from our purpose ; but we protest against so exclusive a refer-

ence to them as the only essential elements of individual or national development. To feel, to believe, to trust, to hope, are as essential human attributes as to inquire, to conform, and to know. Nowhere in the modern world is the intellect more active, methodical, persistent, victorious, than in the centre of French civilization; but its results are chiefly material, and shamefully incomplete. The state of things in England in the seventeenth century, cited by Dr. Draper from Macaulay, was not exclusively due to ignorance: there are rustic communities, maritime populations, mountaineers, and peasantry, unenlightened in the most common knowledge, unskilled in the most familiar arts, where such brutality and beastliness as disgraced the epoch described are unknown. Physical well-being is not the only test of national improvement: freedom of intercourse is hardly more essential to individual progress and peace than secure self-possession. Behind the truths of science, beneath the activity of the intellect, are the spiritual facts of humanity on which its real advancement and its true development depend. We distrust the excessive faith manifested by scientific writers in exclusively material conquests, — in the mere diffusion of knowledge. Out of the *heart*, not the *head*, are the issues of life. It is as requisite to revert to the primal instincts of the soul as to the laws of bodily organization, in order to ascertain the secret of human well-being. Amid the final conditions, the precarious tenure, the constant vicissitudes, the tender and trembling affections, the wilfulness and want, the imperfect knowledge and boundless aspirations of humanity, an absolute reliance on material truth and mental equipment blunts that moral sensibility which checks the vague drift of social progress, and makes the purest inspiration of national life.

H. T. T.

It is an interesting fact that the Argentine Republic, which has had such a bloody history in its efforts for independence, is represented by so able a man as the author of that remarkable book which we note below.\* It is a remarkable book, because the author sees so clearly all the points in Mr. Lincoln's character, from the beginning, which have a bearing upon the greatest interests of humanity. He sees in it a proof of the dignity of labor, by which alone national independence can be achieved; and he also sees in it a demonstration

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\* Vida de Abrahán Lincoln, precedida de una Introducción, por D. F. SARMIENTO. New York: Appleton & Co.

of the possible influence of free institutions in the formation of character: for where can a more striking instance be found of what the atmosphere of political liberty can do for growth in political wisdom?

His own patriotism and moral genius threw Mr. Sarmiento into the struggle for liberty at the age of fourteen, and purified his eyes to see what forces there were in the universe to achieve it, if they could be brought to bear. The same qualities caused his banishment by a tyrant, who feared such a man more than many soldiers; and from that time he devoted himself to the cause of education for the whole people. In Chili, where there was love of liberty and some enlightenment, his efforts were met; and he was sent by that government on a mission to Europe and the United States to investigate the best modes of education. He followed the footsteps of Mr. Horace Mann, as far as that gentleman went, and went still further. In England he found a republication of Mr. Mann's "Seventh Report before the Massachusetts Board of Education," in which he gives an account of his educational tour; and, after he left Europe, he sought out Mr. Mann here, and was aided by him to become acquainted with all the details of the common-school system. This system he introduced into Chili, and many years after into the Argentine Republic; when, returning to his country, at the head of a band of patriots, he succeeded in deposing the tyrants, and was elected governor of his native province of San Juan, where he devoted himself to the interests of education. Subsequently he was Minister of Instruction in the province and city of Buenos Ayres, where he erected the first building in the Republic ever devoted specially to school purposes, and was the happy instrument of planting school houses all over the land.

The Republic has emerged from its dark period of struggle, with a constitution and laws modelled upon those of the United States, thanks chiefly to Mr. Sarmiento's influence. He feels as if their efforts had not been appreciated by us, and this partly from want of knowledge of the details, which he endeavored to give many years since in a little book translated into French under the name of *Civilisation et Barbarie*. We are happy to learn that it is now to be republished in English, with some additions by himself, touching the period that has elapsed since its publication in France, where it made a strong impression at the time. He has always devoted his finely educated powers to the cause of education for the whole people, because he



recognized the truth that an intellectually and *morally* educated people alone can sustain a Republican government. In a private letter he has said, —

“Half of our revolutions have had for their motive the desire to make our own that progress initiated in the world by the United States. We made ourselves independent by the impulse given by the United States. Half of our Republics — Mexico, Central America, Columbia, the Argentine Republic — have gone through revolutions in order to constitute themselves Federal governments after that model. Liberty of religious worship, the deposing of the Catholic Church from its secular dominion, and free North American institutions, have cost us torrents of blood and the conquest of Mexico, which the Monroe doctrine did not prevent. When we had been rolled in the dust of so much misfortune, we were not only abandoned, but undervalued.”

In his Introduction to the “Life of Lincoln,” he says: —

“On making itself independent, South America, yielding in that to external impulses — for it was the historic epoch of the emancipation of the colonies — turned her eyes to Europe in search of mentors to organize the new government. But where were they to be found? Should she absurdly invent a privileged aristocracy to govern itself like England? Should she follow France, who pretended at that time to be the light of the world, in her bloody revolutions, which proved abortive in the empire? Should she follow the glorious emperor, whose front has been wreathed with the rays of the sun in all the capitals of Europe, but whose groans could be heard on the American shores from the neighboring island of St. Helena, where, like Prometheus, he expiated his daring attempts to create institutions that emanated from the will of a single man? Should he follow the restored Bourbons into banishment with their authorized charter? And if Louis Philippe appears, the citizen king, reconciling tradition and progress, hereditary monarchy and popular liberty, they scarcely begin to study this beautiful model, when lo! Louis Philippe, and his liberty in order, and his gradual progress, were to be seen where had gone Charles the Tenth, the great emperor, Robespierre the incorruptible, and Louis XVI. the expiatory victim of the crimes of monarchy.

“‘The Republic is the definitive government of humanity,’ then said to itself the expecting world: but it was soon seen that this was only an error of the press; that the Republic was not the definitive government of the Latin race, but the democratic, absolute, military Empire. Liberty for the Saxons remained roaming to and fro upon the seas. The Latin race carried, in its very essence, imperial institutions.

“And then these doctrines began to be applied to America, taking advantage of the sinister eclipse which threatened to obscure for ever the lustre of the liberties and prosperity of the great American Republic. . . .

"What was, in substance, the question which three millions of citizen soldiers have debated with fire and sword for four years, disputing the territory palm by palm on one or the other bank of the Potomac; opposing South to North; the Monitor to the Merrimac on the seas; the Parrott to the torpedo; preferring timid rout to sterile victory, till they sent a Grant against a Lee, and till the Titans, having caused mountains to be accumulated for the assault of Richmond, made a prodigious circuit, and shook the feudal fortress with their shoulders, proclaiming at last, amidst thunders and lightnings, the abolition of the slavery of man from the whole face of the earth?"

"If, indeed, slavery as an institution was the efficient cause of the war, and its extinction the apparent result, other points more vital to the preservation of the Republic were behind this great external feature of the body politic; and this it is important to know, for the understanding of the great spectacle."

Great power in this sketch of Mr. Lincoln's life is given by the object the author has in view, that of pointing out to his countrymen, not only that labor is honorable, but that free institutions and education give every man, however humbly born, a chance to be a benefactor to his country and to mankind. Mr. Lincoln spoke of himself as an uneducated man: but such self-education as his may well be looked upon as the highest education, possible only to a man of native genius; for to know precisely what one wants for the unfolding of the mind is an attainment that is only gained ordinarily by experience, and often by a great deal of fruitless experience. The more genuine the genius, the more unconscious of itself it will be; for it will ever look forward to the heights yet unattained from whatever stand-point it may have gained. Polished culture Mr. Lincoln did not find. The only embellishment of that which he did find arose out of the lovely instincts of his nature, which from earliest life showed themselves in attractive forms to those who had the eye to see them. Mr. Sarmiento dwells upon the beautiful spectacle of his growth with an enthusiasm that can only be felt by a man whose quest, in looking through history and scanning character in its manifold manifestations, is for those points in the one that bear upon the interests of humanity, and for those traits in the other that point to the true ideal man.

Perhaps no life that has been written of Mr. Lincoln has given so much at length the noble words, the matchless reasoning and argument, that always distinguished him in public life. It is only wonderful that these flashings of the unpolished diamond did not penetrate a great circle. It is evident that those who came in direct contact with

him felt the spell he held over them, though the unassuming character of the man prevented them from recognizing that they had a chief among them, one of "nature's noblemen," until the insight of Carl Schurz sounded it in their dull ears. It was a tocsin that waked the right echoes; for liberty and justice had always been the theme of his discourses, and it was remembered then when most needed. The skilled diplomatist was dropped, and the honest man, *par excellence*, was raised upon the shoulders of the people; for he was a head taller than they in moral, if not in physical, stature.

We have all Mr. Lincoln's words preserved somewhere: but here they are brought together for the instruction of a nascent nation, and it may be hoped that the book will be translated word for word, for our own youth to read; for it is little likely that in the hurry and skurry of our fast American life they will hunt them out of Congressional Globes, and other old newspapers. Mr. Sarmiento means that the youth of his own country, so dear to him for its sufferings and its aspirations, shall have the full benefit of this noble life.

Mr. Sarmiento is truly cosmopolitan. His life has been one of great variety of action and sentiment. He once remarked to a friend, that he had never been more than five years at one time in the same place; but the calm concentration of his mind upon one great object has never been dissipated by changes or reverses. The whole of South America is his country, as truly as the whole of the United States was the object of Mr. Lincoln's solicitude; though his personal sentiment, which is of the most tender and poetic nature, carries his heart back unerringly as its home to the foot of the Andes, his native province of San Juan. He builds his shrines there: there he has founded a public library, to fill which he gathers treasures from every spot which he visits. He buys the parched corn in the railroad car, because he ate it when a boy in San Juan. He sends seeds there to cultivate plants and flowers as mementos of places where he finds sympathy in his labors for his country, or friends to cheer him in his wanderings; for he says plants, in genial climates, last longer than the pyramids.

Mr. Sarmiento is preparing a History of Education in South America, in which he says he "hopes to make those countries better known, if not favorably, yet in such a manner as will serve to command the interest of North Americans, and enable them to judge them with less severity in view of the difficulties with which they have struggled." It certainly should be an irresistible appeal to our

sympathy, that a nation of such splendid resources, which has achieved its independence through torrents of blood and unspeakable sufferings, led on and sustained through all its agonies and sacrifices by a noble enthusiasm for liberty, now turns to our country, with worshipping love and faith, for light, for encouragement, and for support, recognizing with a touching and magnanimous, yet self-respecting humility, its need of help and knowledge. Mr. Sarmiento's eloquent words, on a thousand occasions on his own soil, would do more to secure this sympathy than any words of others. It is to be hoped that they will all be translated into English, and that the two Republics will go hand in hand to a noble destiny, such as the eye hath not seen, nor the heart of man conceived, but in glimpses obtained from time to time from that mount of vision to which the thought of untrammelled freedom for all mankind sometimes lifts the exalted soul.

M. M.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

AMONG the suggestive facts which we find in the convenient Annual Report of Science,\* there are some which have a particular interest for the general thinker as well as for the scientific student.

We instance two or three. Most curious of all is what appears to be a definite approach to a solution of the vexed question respecting nebulae, which, being examined under the delicate and beautiful tests of spectral analysis, appear to be, not clusters of stars, as was once universally thought, nor yet (as Herschel argued) the substance of new systems in the making-up; but vast floating masses of nearly homogeneous vapor, or gas, — several of them, apparently, nitrogen; reservoirs, perhaps, of raw material, of some unconjecturable use in the economy of the universe. The nature of the analysis by which this very curious result has been attained is already part of the common stock of popular scientific knowledge.

A very interesting application of the received doctrine of the correlation and equivalence of forces is found in an estimate (p. 200) of the relative drain of physical and mental toil. The amount of nerve-force daily expended by a healthy man, in merely keeping up the vital action, exceeds all other force generated and expended in the system, and is equal to that required to raise seven hundred and sixty-nine

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\* Annual of Scientific Discovery; or, Year Book of Facts in Science and Art for 1865. Boston: Gould & Lincoln.



tons one foot high. In addition to the mere act of living, the working man undergoes bodily labor equivalent to lifting two hundred tons one foot high daily, while "the force expended in two hours' hard mental labor involves an expenditure of power equal to lifting two hundred and twenty-two good tons;" the relative exhaustion being measured by the generation of the organic compound *urea*.

An examination of the effect of the sirocco blowing hot from the African deserts upon the flank of the Alps, and of the proofs that the region of Sahara was once the bed of a vast body of water, — probably a salt lake at least eight hundred miles in length, — has led to the opinion that the glacial period in Europe can be fully accounted for by a mere difference in the level of that tropical belt. The facts sustaining this opinion (pp. 276–278) are highly interesting and curious. But further explorations in the north of Europe (p. 301) have suggested the theory, that the glacial period was a time of excessive evaporation over the whole surface of the ocean, — which was still, apparently, almost boiling hot, — while a corresponding condensation was going on in the upper regions of the atmosphere, the bleak mountain ranges serving as the ice-bearers or receivers; thus illustrating, on the grandest scale, the familiar experiments of the pneumatic apparatus and artificial ice. This theory supposes no necessary change in the distribution of land and sea, and explains the universality of glacial action in every part of the globe. It goes on to add, that a certain amount of interior heat is necessary to the existence of bodies of water on the earth at all; and that the glare of desolation we see on the surface of the moon shows the maturity of the process, through the earlier stages of which our earth is passing now.

A practical hint of great value is given (p. 303) in tracing the increasing drought and barrenness of Southern Africa to the "reckless felling of timber and burning of pastures, which has long been practised both by the natives and the European colonists," and which needs to be checked by law. How long will it be before we in New England shall be warned, by the increasing severities of drought and flood, to put a stop to the same destructive practice? Inundations on the Lower Mississippi are said to be growing more formidable, from the stripping of the fringe of forest from its upper tributaries; and the destruction of timber in the South during the war has been reckoned to be an amount equal in value to our whole national debt. It is time for Mr. Marsh's warning to be heeded by legislatures at least, if not by speculators and farmers.

We strongly recommend this annual series of reports to speculative thinkers and general students, who can by no means afford to lose from sight the advance of human knowledge in this direction. The indispensable value of it to all who have direct dealings with any branch of science or industry, it would be easy to illustrate from almost every page.

IN her "*Recollections of Seventy Years*,"\* Mrs. Farrar has furnished a most attractive volume of personal reminiscence and anecdote, narrated in a simple and conversational style, which, if sometimes careless and inelegant, is uniformly graphic and racy. Her childhood and early life were spent abroad; and after she became the wife of Mr. Farrar, — for many years Professor of Natural Philosophy in Harvard College, — she revisited the Old World several times, and thus kept alive the friendships of her earlier years. As the daughter of an active and energetic American engaged in a lucrative business, first in France and afterward in South Wales, she was brought into frequent contact with persons of social and political distinction; and she seems to have forgotten little of what she saw or heard during a long life. We find, too, in her book a subdued wit and a genial humor, without one touch of bitterness, which give to it a peculiar charm, and which never weary. Though it makes no pretension to artistic completeness, and the stories of which it is composed are jotted down with but little regard to order or connection, every reader will feel reluctant to lay it aside before he has turned the last page. Many of the anecdotes were repeated in the sick chamber of Professor Farrar, to solace the hours of pain and listlessness; and, in sickness or in health, the reader will find abundant source of amusement in its pleasant sketches, whether they relate to persons with whose names and history he is familiar, or are descriptive of persons who were previously unknown to him.

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\* *Recollections of Seventy Years.* By Mrs. JOHN FARRAR. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1865. 16mo.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

## THEOLOGICAL AND RELIGIOUS.

True Cause of all Contention, Strife, and Civil War in Christian Communities. By Rev. D. C. Hopkins. New York: M. W. Dodd. 12mo. pp. 272. (The "true cause" is false religious dogma, with its application to human institutions.)

Life and Character of J. H. Van der Palm, D.D. (of the University of Leyden). By Nicolaas Beets, D.D. Translated from the Dutch by J. P. Westervelt. New York: Hurd & Houghton. 12mo. pp. 401. (A man of learning, piety, and various accomplishments, greatly beloved. A selection of ten sermons, accompanying the memoir, are marked by constant and devout reference to Jesus. They are addressed purely to the religious sentiment, and have little or no value as contributions to religious thought.)

The Elements of Moral Science. By Francis Wayland. Revised and improved edition. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 12mo. pp. 396.

The Vicarious Sacrifice grounded in Principles of Universal Obligation. By Horace Bushnell. New York: Charles Scribner & Co. 8vo. pp. 552. (To be reviewed.)

Notes from Plymouth Pulpit: a Collection of Memorable Passages from the Discourses of Henry Ward Beecher; with a Sketch of Mr. Beecher and the Lecture Room. By Augusta Moore. New edition, revised and greatly enlarged. New York: Harper & Brothers. pp. 374.

## HISTORY AND POLITICS.

History of Friedrich the Second, called Frederick the Great. By Thomas Carlyle. Vol. V. New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo. pp. 515. (Continued to the middle of the Seven Years' War, in the spring of 1760.)

Manethós: die Origines unserer Geschichte und Chronologie. Von Dr. Anton Henne von Sargans. Gotha: Fr. Andr. Perthes. (New York: Westermann.) Large 8vo. pp. 275. With a Synoptic Chart of Chronology. (To be reviewed.)

Vida de Abran Lincoln. Par D. F. Sarmiento. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Life and Letters of Frederick W. Robertson, Incumbent of Trinity Chapel, Brighton. Edited by Stopford A. Brooke. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 12mo. 2 vols. pp. 352, 359. (To be reviewed.)

Mr. Buchanan's Administration on the Eve of the Rebellion. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 8vo. pp. 296.

Sherman's March through the South; with Sketches and Incidents of the Campaign. By Capt. David B. Conyngham. New York: Sheldon & Co. pp. 431.

*Life and Times of Joseph Warren.* By Richard Frothingham. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 8vo. pp. 558.

*Elements of Political Economy.* By Arthur Latham Perry, Professor of History and Political Economy in Williams College. New York: Charles Scribner & Co. pp. 449. (A manual useful as including a sketch of our financial legislation,—too brief, however, to be a fair criticism of the measures it recites.)

*Glimpses of History.* By George M. Towle. Boston: William V. Spencer. pp. 262. (Containing, among others, sketches of John Bright, Cavour, De Toqueville, and the "cardinal kings" Wolsey and Richelieu, in a clear and agreeable style, taken from the *North-American Review* and other journals.)

*Richard Cobden, the Apostle of Free Trade: his Political Character and Public Services. A Biography.* By John M'Gilchrist. New York: Harper & Brothers. 18mo. pp. 304.

*The American Republic: its Constitution, Tendencies, and Destiny.* By O. A. Brownson. New York: P. O'Shea. 8vo. pp. 439. (Notice deferred.)

#### POETRY.

*The Sunday Book of Poetry.* Selected and arranged by C. F. Alexander.—*The Ballad Book; a Selection of the Choicest British Ballads*, edited [with a very agreeable Introduction] by William Allingham. Cambridge: Sever & Francis. (It is sufficient praise of these elegant volumes to say, that they are of the "Golden Treasury" series.)

*The Poems of Thomas Bailey Aldrich.* Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 32mo. pp. 240. (Blue and gold.)

*The Children in the Wood.* By Richard Henry Stoddard. Illustrated by H. L. Stephens. New York: Hurd & Houghton. 4to. (A pleasing expansion of the old ballad, with four handsome colored plates.)

*Outcroppings; being Selections of California Verse.* San Francisco: A. Roman & Co. New York: W. J. Widdleton.

*War Lyrics and other Poems.* By Henry Howard Brownell. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. pp. 243. (Somewhat rude in movement, reminding one of the old Saxon and Norse rhythms; but by general consent the finest lyrics of the war.)

*Poems by Robert Buchanan.* Roberts Brothers. (The most interesting portion of this beautiful volume consists of the "Idyls of Inverburn," a series of Scottish tales, told with rare quaintness, humor, and pathos, making it by far the most attractive book of recent poetry we have seen. "Poet Andrew" is, apparently, the true story, in verse, of David Gray. The "undertones" are an attempt to realize, in verse of great poetic beauty, sundry legends and pictures of the Greek mythology.)

*Later Lyrics.* By Julia Ward Howe. Boston: J. E. Tilton & Co. 1866. (We greet this well-freighted and beautiful volume with a hearty welcome, and regret that we have not space to give it the notice it merits. The qualities of vigorous intellectual action, vivid passion, and eloquent rhetoric,



which, as shown in her previous volumes of verse, have given the fair author so high a seat among the sweet singers of the age, and so wide a reputation among the people, re-appear in the present publication with increased power. A large majority of the poems produced in our day seem to be results either of vapid imitation or of mere feeling, feeble echoes of stronger souls or musical expressions of vague emotion: they lack both originality and richness. "Later Lyrics" are a refreshing exception to the ordinary weakness and poverty of the modern muse. They are stamped with genuineness, full of idiosyncratic energy, true births from the wealthy and powerful personality of the author. They abound in thoughts as well as images of uncommon freshness, force, and reach. These poems, springing from genuine and intense personal experiences, — experiences reflectively studied and tried in the light of the highest standards, — appeal to others with many influences at once inspiring, soothing, and helpful. They are no light strains, trolled by a careless skimmer of life and the world. They are weighty strains of patriotism, philosophy, love, grief, faith, and aspiration, chanted by one who has not only passionately felt the pleasures and sorrows of life, but also patiently pondered its problems, extensively surveyed its outer and inner history, laboriously investigated the speculations of the great masters of thought, and come to the ripest conclusions of wisdom and trust. "The Battle Hymn of the Republic" is already well known through half the world. "The New Exodus" is not a whit inferior to it; and "The Flag," "Our Country," "Our Orders," deserve to rank with it. "Remembrance," "Winter Blossoms," and several other poems of sorrow, have an intense reality that almost stabs the reader with kindred pangs: it is only their poetic beauty and melody that transmute their agony into pleasantness and consolation. A volume so rich with mastered learning and experience, so brimmed with wisdom and passion, would assure its author, even had she written nothing else, a permanent place in the literature of her land. When the remote hour comes, —

"On the Matron's time-worn mantle  
Shall the Poet's wreath be laid.")

*Songs of Seven.* By Jean Ingelow. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1866. (The extreme popularity of the poems of Jean Ingelow is equally creditable to the genius of the author and to the discernment of the public. Remarkable as the sweetness of her melody is, it does not exceed the fertility of her thought, or the charm of her imagery. And the moral health and religious purity of all she writes are not less prominent than its intellectual depth and variety, and its poetic freshness and beauty. "Songs of Seven," — an exquisitely original, tender, and delightful picture of human life, — is the most universally admired of her poems. Messrs. Roberts Brothers have prepared, for a holiday gift, an edition of this favorite poem, with a series of charming illustrations. It would be difficult to find a book more attractive, both in appearance and contents. The work reflects great honor on all concerned in its preparation, and must give great pleasure to all into whose possession it comes.)

## NOVELS AND TALES.

Winifred Bertram and the World she Lived in. By the Author of the Schönberg-Cotta Family. New York: M. W. Dodd. 12mo. pp. 479.

Georgy Sandon; or, a Lost Love. By Ashford Owen. Boston: Loring. pp. 215.

Miss Carew. By Amelia B. Edwards. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Hereward, the last of the English. By Charles Kingsley. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 12mo. pp. 479.

## JUVENILES.

*Oakland Stories*: Gustave. By George B. Taylor. — *Walter's Tour in the East*: Walter in Athens. By Daniel C. Eddy. — *The Dove Series*: 1. The Dove. 2. Little Lilla. 3. Great Things. 4. Little Facts. 5. Little Animals. 6. True Stories. — *Redendale; a Story of School-boy Life*. By R. Hope Moncrieff. — *Stories of the Apostles, their Lives and Writings*. By Caroline Hadley. — *American History; Washington*. By Jacob Abbott. — *The Fly*. By Theodore Tilton. Illustrated. New York: Sheldon & Co.

*Sun-Rays from Fair and Cloudy Skies*. By Cousin Carrie. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

*Winning his Way*. By C. C. Coffin. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

*The Song without Words; Leaves from a very old Book*. Dedicated to Childe. By the Author of the Schönberg-Cotta Family. New York: M. W. Dodd.

*The Positive Philosophy [also, the Later Speculations] of Auguste Comte*. By John Stuart Mill. Boston: William V. Spencer. pp. 182. (Two articles from the Westminster Review of April and July, 1865; containing probably the most, if not the only, adequate exposition, in English, of a system of thought by which the mind of the time is, consciously or unconsciously, more warped than by any other. The review is particularly valuable, as exhibiting pretty fully Comte's masterly sketch of the tendencies of modern thought, and as defending his classification of the sciences against the criticisms of Herbert Spencer.)

*Plain Talks on Familiar Subjects; a Series of Popular Lectures*. By J. G. Holland. New York: Charles Scribner & Co. 12mo. pp. 335. (Among the very best examples of what we may, without disparagement, call "lay preaching," — clear, direct, good-tempered, illustrative, and pungent.)

*Prison Life in the South during the years 1864 and 1865*. By A. O. Abbott. With Illustrations. New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo. pp. 374.

*The Phonic Primer and Primary Reader*. Boston: pp. 98. (By the American Phonic Association.)

*The Freedmen's Book*. By L. Maria Child. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. pp. 277. (Containing many narratives, briefly told with the fascination of Mrs. Child's best style, and sold for the benefit of the class of our countrymen which it represents.)